JOHN BULL, week ending April 24, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1923

3D EVERY THURSDAY

STEALING BY SPENDING

THE SECRET OF CASABLANCA By A. G. G.

EPICS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY

. . . You've earned your GUINNESS — it'll do you good

A glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight

G.E.1124.C

FOOD FACTS

DON'T think your family need go short of body-building foods. True, meat, cheese, and eggs are rationed, fish supplies are variable — *but you can still get your proteins in another way.*

Here is how: dried peas, beans, and lentils — what we call the pulses — are good body builders *in themselves*. Better still, Food Scientists have discovered that beans and peas are "stepped up" in their protein values if cooked with a little meat, Household Milk, fresh milk, cheese, dried egg, or fish. So don't think of them as just vegetables.

NEW RATION BOOKS

You won't get your *new* Ration Book, etc., quickly unless the particulars on your present Ration Book and Identity Card are up-to-date. If the name, address and national registration number are not correct on both, take them to the Food Office at once.

CORNED BEEF AND BEAN STEW

Ingredients: 1 oz. dripping, 1 chopped leek if possible, 2 oz. flour, 1½ pints vegetable stock, 1 lb. diced vegetables, 4 oz. cooked beans, 4 oz. diced corned beef, salt and pepper.

Method: Melt the dripping and fry the leek, when brown add the flour, blend and then add stock, stir till thickened, season and add vegetables. Simmer till tender, add the corned beef and beans about ten minutes before serving.

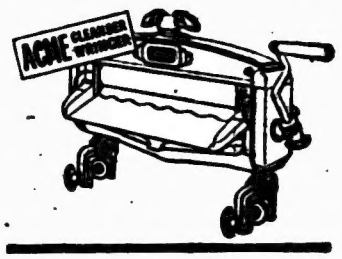
LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 145

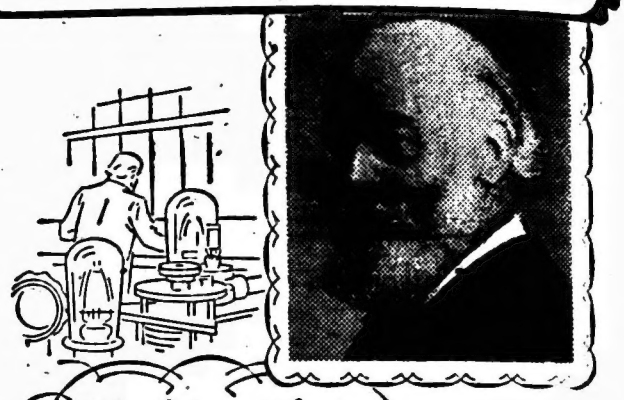
It went with the pram...

In spite of father's protests. And Mrs. Higgins was right as usual. Her Acme has been a blessing to her down in the coun-

try — *and* to her neighbours. It makes light of the wash of half-a-dozen crowded cottages. You see, just now, there simply aren't any Acmes to buy. But when the war is won, well, we know of at least six housewives who won't be without an Acme of their own for a minute longer than they — or we — can help!



PIONEERS of PROGRESS



Sir Oliver Lodge

(1851–1940)

A prodigious seeker after truth and knowledge, Oliver Lodge distinguished himself in many fields of scientific research, notably those of wireless communication and the nature of matter. He was President of many learned Societies.

The wireless has so become a part of our lives that seldom do we spare a thought for those whose genius and tireless energy made it possible. They should be honoured together with all true Pioneers of Progress.

Honour, too, is due to the Pioneers of Co-operation. Out of an idea, coupled with an ideal, they laid the foundations of to-day's giant Co-operative Movement, a movement for the betterment of the people—socially, culturally, educationally, economically.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

GN 1658 P

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MAZO will help you get more out of your soap ration. Mazo has a really astonishing way of making soap go further. That is because soap plus *Mazo* gives the most active, lively suds you can have — suds that are extra cleansing, extra powerful — suds that seek out dirt in double quick time and save all hard rubbing.

You can use Mazo with all soap — bar, flakes and powder — and for all kinds of materials. Although it washes so swiftly and efficiently Mazo is harmless. The daintiest and finest garment that is safe in soap and water is just as safe when Mazo is added.

"I WONDER IF I'M GETTING THE BEST OUT OF MY SOAP RATION!"
BEFORE USING MAZO
"NOW THAT I ADD MAZO MY SOAP GOES TWICE AS FAR!"
AFTER USING MAZO

Get the extra cleansing energy from your soap ration by using MAZO soap energizing tablets

THREE 3d PACKETS, EACH OF 5 TABLETS, FOR 1 COUPON

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Do you look lovely when you smile?

the answer's on the lip of your tongue

Make the Tongue Test. If, when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth, you feel a filmy coating, you need Irium — the super-cleanser in Pepsodent. Irium flushes away film, polishes teeth brilliantly . . . makes sure you'll always look lovely when you smile.

7½d., 1/3, 2/2 *Inc. Tax*

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

PEPSODENT

A duty you owe your dog

By enrolling your dog or cat on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against *everyday* risks as well as the hazards of wartime. The benefits include: FREE VETERINARY TREATMENT in case of street accidents. PROTECTION AGAINST LOSS — unless identified, stray dogs and cats can legally be destroyed; *if registered*, however, they are cared for by Narpac until arrangements are made for their return home. PROTECTION AGAINST AIR-RAID RISKS, a Narpac service which has Government recognition and support.

Remember, registration is a *permanent* safeguard — and 1/- a year is all it costs. Enrol your dog or cat now.

NARPAC ANIMAL REGISTER

POST THIS

to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond St. House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.

I enclose.....shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for.....dog(s).....cat(s). Subscription 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss) .....
IN CAPITALS PLEASE

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 24, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

TIME TO START

IT will not be long now.

This Easter should mark the end of two years' preparations for the invasion of Europe.

Only four or five months of really good fighting weather remain in 1943. And the Tunisian campaign is in its final stage.

Large Force

We shall not delay the assault on Europe until the Axis troops in Africa's tip are all killed, captured, or forced to attempt a disastrous Dunkirk.

A week ago there were 250,000 of them!

Trebled Bombing

It is certain that many of them will be pounded to destruction in the next few weeks. Rommel's loss of advanced airfields has been a mighty gain for us; it has enabled us to double—even to treble—our air force in that battle zone.

Moreover, we are bringing up our heaviest bombers for the kill.

Germany's Horror

This has been done without slackening the terrible but necessary blasting of the German Fatherland.

Now we have no need to repeat our 1,000-bomber raids. Half that strength, compressed into a fifteen-minute attack, inflicts on Kiel and Essen a more hellish horror than Coventry and London suffered in the longest nights.

Italy on the Map

Nothing will deflect Bomber Command Harris from his purpose.

The Italians can be certain of that. Soon they will be rocked by blows as fierce as those which converted Münster and Cologne into silent cities.

Well Covered

There is indeed no hope for Italy. Even her powerful navy is heavily outclassed by our forces in the Mediterranean.

"Helpless resignation to the inevitable" best describes the mood of her people.

Russia Prepares

Whereas there is no sign of war-weariness in that worst-hit of all warring States, the Soviet Union.

Our allies are preparing confidently and massively for the enemy offensive they expect in the summer. Before that is opened, no doubt, there will be further attempts to reclose the supply roads to Leningrad.

But the Russians, too, have plans for attack.

Japan Grows Stronger

In the steaming heat of the Equator, the Japanese have lost heavily in the air. Yet, paradoxically, they are stronger in the air—for they have been reinforced in the tropical battle zone by some hundreds of machines.

Australia, on the southern edge of the zone, is still the prize which Tokio covets. And Australia's peril has not yet passed; Japan will not remain passive until the United Nations are ready to fire her matchwood cities.

Strike in the South!

First, the Anglo-American armies will move across the Mediterranean.

So the enemy has been led to believe by Mr. Churchill's hints, the arrival in Cairo of the King of Greece and his Ministers, and other portents.

But it may be that we are not so guileless as the enemy fancies; our attack in the South might possibly be accompanied by operations elsewhere.

Stepping Stones

British forces are massing in Syria, the Germans report.

From there it is but a step to Cyprus, and from that island a 400-mile jump would take us to the last vestige of Mussolini's overseas empire, the Dodecanese, while a 600-mile leap would bring us to Crete. Thus should we gain stepping-stones to the Balkans.

Long Way

British commandos landed in Crete last winter, it has been revealed. Since then, the island has been pounded by the R.A.F. and the Americans.

Yet it seems doubtful if our *main* attack would be against the Balkans. From Athens to Berlin are 1,100 miles of the biggest mountain ranges and the worst roads in Europe.

Sardinia, Sicily

The Central Mediterranean presents similar problems. We must capture Sardinia and Sicily to invade Italy.

Our convoys at Gibraltar may be significant. Perhaps, also, Marshal Sperrle has taken himself and some of his best *Luftwaffe* squadrons from France to Sardinia not merely to help Rommel but to counter future Allied moves.

Pincer Operation

Well, Italy would provide us with new bombing bases for the final onslaught on Germany. But could our armies get through the Brenner?

The answer, surely, is that to squeeze our major enemy into defeat we must execute the biggest pincer movement in history. We must attack him from south *and* north.

Dieppe Lesson

His claim to have built an 1,800-mile defence wall along Europe's northern coasts should be taken seriously.

We have given him ample time to make ready. Dieppe showed just how quickly he can meet a threat.

The Price

Yet no defences are impregnable—if the attacker is willing to pay a stiff price.

It is said that British planes are landing in France to pick up young French patriots; presumably they could land to set down British troops while the main assault came from seaward.

The next few months should be the most crucial of all our long history.

Spanish Moves

Meanwhile, Spanish troop movements continue.

The cream of Franco's army has been despatched to Spanish Morocco; the next-best divisions are concentrated near Gibraltar. Even political prisoners have been transferred from the south to northern jails.

Bluff; or a preliminary to an attempt by Hitler to close the Straits of Gibraltar to us?

Neutrality's Prize

Perhaps the Anglo-Spanish conversations at Gibraltar were due to Franco's desire for a slice of French Morocco. In which case his military movements could be interpreted as a form of persuasion!

Visits to London

There are perhaps more useful movements to note. One is the visit to London of Governor Lehman, the President's "strong right arm," to discuss post-war relief.

He may be followed later by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, or Under-Secretary Sumner Welles.

Need for Speed

At such meetings the framework of a better world may be laid. Certainly it is time to speed up the talks and get out the plans.

Indeed, detailed plans are already overdue if we are to avoid the nationalistic scrambles which, as Lord Addison warned in the House of Lords' Debate, will threaten to mar the peace.

The Choice

We must reintroduce a rule of law. Indeed, we must give to the liberated countries something more than military security. We must help them to economic security.

Otherwise there will be chaos, suspicion and jealousies that eventually must result in another war.

Gaps in the Charter

Let us face this problem squarely. To much of the world, our intentions are not yet clear.

We have drawn up the Atlantic Charter—a fine though somewhat vague document. We have not outlined the measures by which it could be operated by the United Nations.

Lord Cranborne's statesmanlike speech for the Government promised the necessary blue prints for action; may they be ready soon!

Better Schools

As for domestic planning, the Education Bill is about to receive its Parliamentary vetting. It is a much-needed measure, but it is not enough.

More than our schools need the influence of the reformer's hand; every branch of our social system must be overhauled.

As You Were Brigade

There will be powerful opposition. The Old Guard is still strongly entrenched in our public life behind the ramparts of the vested interests.

Politicians who clamoured for high production after Dunkirk now shriek with alarm when, in the interests of higher production, private firms have to be taken over by the State.

They assure us, on dubious authority, that men and women in the Forces do not wish to return to a different Britain.

Towards the Goal

Some Cabinet Ministers, at any rate, have better sense. They aim at something very different—at a Britain without "dole" queues, slums, under-feeding, and inequalities of opportunity.

And they will have to translate aims into plans to satisfy the nation that is now about to embark on its greatest venture.

(Continued overleaf)

EASING THE LOAD

● **To many thousands of people there will no longer be cause for resentment.**

Their officially enforced poverty has been relieved by the Chuckling Chancellor, Sir Kingsley Wood.

All the recommendations made in our leading article dated February 13, "Wanted—A New Income Tax Plan," were included in his Budget, and now have been passed into law.

Our suggestions were based on actual cases of hardship brought to our notice by readers.

No doubt other readers still have Income Tax difficulties that puzzle them. But JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service thrives on posers and is always pleased to answer them.

"AT A CONVENIENT MOMENT THE LUFTWAFFE WILL AGAIN BOMB ENGLAND IN A MORE TERRIBLE WAY THAN EVER BEFORE"—*Berlin High Command spokesman. April 7th, 1943.*

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion, and Bombardment, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

EASTER is late, but the holiday season is beginning early.

Already the seaside harpies are getting rid of their war-worker lodgers to make room for more profitable visitors.

Three from Seven

Of seven men in one factory "shop" in a Lancashire seaside town, three have this week been asked to find other lodgings.

Their landladies have convenient excuses.

"My daughter is coming to live with me." Or, "I am tired and must have a rest."

Easier Fleecing

They mean, "I can get only 35s. a week from you, whereas holiday makers will sleep three and four to a room and be glad to pay 5s. a night."

Out go the war workers—to tramp the streets in a vain attempt to find other "diggings."

Time to Act

That evil is not confined to one town; last year proved that it becomes pretty general when the holiday season gets into its swing.

So a brassy-faced minority brings discredit upon the majority of landladies who, despite the jests of comedians, are useful servants of the community. This year, we suggest, official action should be taken—and not only in seaside towns.

Tales of Woe

Need for action is stressed in a pamphlet published by Murphy Radio, Ltd., whose experiences with transferred war workers are unhappily familiar to many other firms.

The Ministers of Labour and Health should read this pamphlet to see how miserable life can be made for girls moved from home.

Bare Necessities

Even if an unwilling householder is forced to give accommodation to a girl, he is compelled by law only to give a bare room and access to water and sanitation. The law does not forbid him to be so rude and to make things so uncomfortable that the girl prefers to be homeless.

Intolerable

So sketchy a billeting system, as Messrs. Murphy and Co. point out, affects morale, production, and the indignation of decent citizens who are voluntarily making homes for war workers.

The Government might learn something useful from the private welfare arrangements made by Murphy and other firms. Certainly it can no longer pretend ignorance of facts which are arousing ill-feeling to a dangerous extent.

Back and Forth

Anyhow, need it transfer quite so many workers?

Men were moved from a coastal town to build a hospital thirty miles away, and were given the usual subsistence allowance of 24s. 6d. above their pay.

Having finished the job they have been sent farther away. Whereas local men have been sent to the coastal town!

Travel Poser

London men are sent to Bristol. At the same time Bristol men are posted to London.

Scottish girls are moved to London factories. Midlands girls go up to Scotland.

Are their journeys really necessary?

Lost Time

No less puzzling to us is the way some stiffnecked managements are allowed to waste time.

Because of a burst bus tyre, 72 women arrived twelve minutes late at a Lancashire factory. As a penalty they weren't allowed to start work until the afternoon. Yes, it still goes on!

Coal Hitch

Whitehall itself rarely sets an example of Going To It, of course.

At the beginning of October last year the shaft of the generating engine at a Scottish pit broke down. Ever since, two smaller engines have had to be used, with the result that 140 tons of coal have been lost each day.

Still Waiting

Ever since, too, the management and miners have been badgering Whitehall for help to get a new shaft for the big engine.

They are beginning to wonder if coal has ceased to be a munition of war.

● Strange that the authorities continue to frown on the giving of war bonds and savings certificates as prizes in little private sweepstakes!

For sweepstakes confined to a firm's workers, or members of bona fide clubs and other organisations, are still perfectly legal.

So if you offer fountain pens, cutlery, household linen and other goods which you shouldn't be buying unless you really need them—it's all right. Or all wrong!

Out of Action

Arms manufacturers have even worse production worries.

Since the end of last year a £700 vertical milling machine has been rusting in a London warehouse.

It could have been sold, months ago, to a war factory. But the Ministry of Supply said No.

No Loaf

You see, the arms manufacturer couldn't guarantee that it would be used all day and all night. He hasn't the labour to employ a full night shift.

So the Ministry has decided that rather than allow the machine to run by day, it shall not run at all. Which tempts us to coin a new crazy proverb: "No loaf is better than half a loaf."

Going On

Similarly, we understand, there is a glut of small filing lathes which cost about £21 apiece.

Officialdom has decreed that no licences shall be granted in future for their sale to factories which could use them. But the manufacture of these machines continues!

Round the World

Are ships also being wasted? An officer of a British vessel tells us that he left England last August with a cargo or arms and vehicles for our lads in the Middle East.

After unloading, the ship was sent to Port Said for orders, thence to Suez, on to a tiny place where 2,000 tons of sand were loaded for the 7,000-mile voyage to Valparaiso. And from that Chilian port the vessel went on another South American trip, arriving back in Britain last month.

Inviting a Burst

Then there's the rubber shortage. It is aggravated by a car-drive along a main road of a London suburb.

The road has a broad strip of steel filings and metal scrap spilled by salvage lorries, and the sharp edges and needle points cause quite a thunderstorm of burst tyres. A giant magnet, trailed along the road, would probably collect half a ton of metal between salvage dump and factory!

Cold Comfort

Let a private householder throw an empty can into the street and the police would have something to say to him. But the police are apparently unable to take action against lorries with defective tailboards—even though police vehicles may suffer as a result.

Race Taxis

A more familiar paradox is that though you can be prosecuted for using your car to go to the cinema, you can hire a taxi to go to the races.

Hence the arrival of 200 London taxis at Windsor for the opening of the "flat" season.

True, no taxi can travel more than ten miles from its own area. But Windsor is only eight road miles from Staines, which is the limit of the London police area. Some of those taxis may have made a double journey of twenty or thirty miles without breaking the law!

Nine for Two

In other words, official intentions are admirable, but official regulations never fulfil their aims.

No doubt that is why we are able to read this advertisement in a provincial paper: "Boy wanted to train under a butler near Nottingham for pantry work; family two, servants eight."

It isn't pleasant reading for the mothers conscripted for part-time war work.

Detective Officer

A young flying officer returned to Britain from the Middle East because of malaria. Having lost most of his kit in forced moves, and Service compensation being a slow business, he ordered a new uniform at his own expense.

He was offered one by a West End firm—at West End prices. Looking in a side pocket he found it contained tobacco dust.

Fleeced

Obviously, the "brand new" uniform was really reconditioned. It had been bought at second-hand prices from one officer to be sold to another at first-hand prices.

And this is not the only ramp being practised on officers.

Out of Order

Quite commonly a newly commissioned officer is sold a complete and expensive outfit which—as he finds when joining his unit—does not conform to Army requirements.

So back it has to go for expensive alterations, or the victim has to buy another uniform.

Home Defences

Sensibly, static water tanks are to be dumped in front gardens in danger areas. But can they be used during a heavy barrage by fire guards who lack steel helmets?

Civil servants evacuated to safe towns on the Welsh coast were given "tin hats" years ago. The officials might be allowed to remain, but those unused helmets could surely be returned to the target zones.

Paper Work

Again, "wheelbarrow" pumps are being provided for those zones. It remains only to tell fire guard officers how to get them when they are wanted.

And both wardens and fire guards would welcome a simpler fire-fighting system than that which entails message clerks, messengers dashing back and forth in the midst of a "blitz," codes and ciphers, and complicated log-books.

Behind the News

● **Hitler has definitely parted company with General Jodl, for more than ten years his closest friend and military adviser.**

● *Jodl's place has been taken by General Warlimont, a young, ruthless, ambitious Nazi.*

● Attempts to evacuate coastal regions of Sicily against Allied invasion has met with violent—and successful — resistance from the peasants.

● **New Nazi diplomatic purge is coming. Envoys in neutral countries have all failed to carry out Ribbentrop's plans.**

● *Swedes are watching former German ambassador who, although replaced, has stayed on in the country, and whose anti-Nazi views find little credence.*

● New struggle inside German industrial quarters is raging to decide whether war production should be geared to maximum output now or organised for prolonged war.

● **Kaltenbrunner, Heydrich's successor, has been made responsible for Hitler's safety; Goering has increased his own bodyguard by withdrawing some first-class war pilots.**

● *Allied aircraft output is now believed to be at least five times as great as combined Axis production.*

● Nazi effort to tempt more alien labour to Germany includes issue of boots to workers' families, otherwise no footwear issues are to be made in Occupied Europe.

● **Swiss in Europe's coastal zones, and throughout Balkans, have been ordered to return home by May 15.**

● *Quisling, trying to form a home guard on British lines, hoped to raise 20,000 men in Southern Norway alone. Volunteers since January number 43.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

STEALING BY SPENDING

NATIONAL balance-sheets are not easy to read, and Budget millions mean little to the average citizen.

Let him or her take note, however, that private spending has gone up since the war by nearly £800,000,000.

And that the public's expenditure on non-essential goods has almost doubled.

These are significant facts which have a direct bearing upon the war effort.

In plain terms, far too many of us are wasting money by buying things we do not need instead of putting our surplus cash into war savings.

This extravagance, as JOHN BULL has said before, is a form of sabotage. Reckless spending *must* be curbed.

The Chancellor is doing much to this end by carefully applied taxation. In the new Budget he has put up the Purchase Tax on strictly luxury goods to 100 per cent., raised the duty on drink and tobacco, and made the Entertainments Tax heavier on all but the cheapest seats.

But the Government cannot compel thrift in this way. The real effort must come from the people themselves.

Now, when the world war is clearly nearing its tremendous climax, all of us should determine to play an honest part in the incohspicuous, but vital, campaign to save money, and thus to save shipping. Most people would do so if they stopped to think. But many of them don't think.

Crazy spending is not confined to obvious luxuries. On the contrary, millions of people earning more than they have ever done before simply let the extra money "burn holes in their pockets."

You can see stacks of useless articles, ornaments, gew-gaws, knick-knacks, and the like, being snapped up at fantastic prices in the big stores.

MUCH of this stuff is the sort of trash which used to be sold in seaside bazaars or mock-auction marts. Yet people are rushing to buy it for the sheer lust of spending.

Trade restrictions, the call-up of labour, and the limitation of supplies have cut down the output of such rubbish, but the Government would do well to stop its manufacture completely.

Jewellery of all kinds continues to soar in price. Some types of jewelled ornaments for women's clothes—paste clasps, brooches, and so on—are 400 per cent. dearer than before the war.

Furniture, despite Board of Trade restrictions, is offered at "prohibitive" prices which do not prohibit the wild urge to spend.

"People seem to have gone mad," says a West End furniture dealer. "They don't mind what they pay even for inferior stuff."

It is true that only rich people can indulge in this big-scale extravagance, but the Church Committee on gambling points out that, despite the closing of many tracks and the curtailment of meetings, the general public is betting more heavily on dogs and horses than ever before.

Luxury drinking is at peak level. Burgundies and clarets are being sold in fashionable hotels at anything from £4 to £6 a bottle.

Champagne fetches as much as £10 a bottle, and "the black market" in spirits, which ought to be shut down although it is not technically illegal, is doing a roaring trade.

Women are naturally more tempted to extravagance in dress and beauty treatments than anything else.

Hats and handbags fascinate them. Some "old clo'" dealers have bought up pre-war hats for next to nothing, and these are remodelled for the war time market at four or five guineas each.

Handbags are selling at four to eight guineas each, and some of them are being bought by munition workers, who would never have paid more than 10s. for one before the war.

So the tale could continue almost indefinitely. We will make only one further point—namely, that there is now a section of the public which tends to despise any article which is *not* dear.

Thus, the manager of one large shoe shop says he cannot push the sale of a specially cheap, hard-wearing shoe for youngsters, though shoes at three or four times the price and of inferior wearing quality sell like hot cakes!

More serious still is the illusion that it is perfectly fair to use other people's unwanted clothing coupons. Many women are offenders in this respect, not hesitating to beg Service coupons from friends and relatives in the Forces.

This practice is, of course, illegal, but it is also plainly dishonest.

The truth is that a great many of us, either through greed or carelessness, are buying far more than we need and saving far less than we ought.

Some make a virtue of putting an easily spared trifle into war savings.

They pat themselves on the back for their "patriotism" when all they really deserve is a kick in the pants for their prodigality.

JOHN BULL asserts in plain words that, though the public saved more than £5,000,000,000 last year, it has nothing to be proud of in this respect.

For it would have been madness *not* to save. Had we squandered the national substance away in riotous living, we should have learned the meaning of ruin in the bitterness of defeat.

Millions of ordinary people *have* faced their plain duty and done it. In England and Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland a grand total of 310,367 savings groups has been formed.

Moreover, the average saving per head of the population has now touched 6s. 5d. a week. This seems a lot, and *is* a lot if it comes out of a small wage.

But it has to be remembered that more than a million people have moved up since the war began from incomes of below £5 a week to anything up to double that figure. And others in proportion! The country as a whole is better off in terms of money than ever before.

In several districts the Wings for Victory campaign brought in savings of 10s. a week. This increase could be maintained all through the year in all parts of the country.

That means to say that we could save half as much again and reduce our demands upon vital shipping space in much the same proportion. And what we could do, we ought to do.

Let us not comfort ourselves with the illusion that high taxation accounts for and justifies all our increased spending.

It does not. Tobacco is one article which has to be imported Leaving price out of the reckoning altogether, we actually consumed 19 per cent. more tobacco in the last financial year than in the year before!

That is why JOHN BULL accepts the increases in drink and tobacco duties without demur except in one respect.

We strongly share the feeling already expressed in the House that the Old Age Pensioners should be given special consideration, just as the Services have been. These old people have nothing to spare, and it is harsh to make them pay more for their "baccy."

IF no price concession can conveniently be made to them, then the case for an immediate increase in the basic pension rate is greatly reinforced.

But, apart from this, we feel with Sir Kingsley Wood that the public, being free to smoke and drink less if it chooses to do so, cannot properly grumble because smoking and drinking are now still more heavily taxed.

What all men and women need to realise today is that *all* unnecessary spending should be sharply reduced.

The private budget should be scrutinised by the individual conscience. Some margin for moderate enjoyments is both necessary and wholesome.

But in this rationed era of total war and high sacrifice, those who seek more than their fair share of available goods and services are traitors to the community. They commit the anti-social crime of stealing by spending.

Odd Gift From The Admiralty

WE congratulate the ancient town of Ware in Hertfordshire.

Not so much for subscribing to war loan in the recent Warships Week more than sufficient money to buy the particular warship set as its target—although that is very commendable.

★ ★ ★

But—and it arises out of that success — for reminding the Admiralty that there's a war on, a fact which it seems to have forgotten.

For Ware, like countless other districts which succeeded in reaching their targets, received a gift from the Admiralty in the shape of a heavy and massive plaque.

Like many other towns, it could have hung it up in the council chamber to be both a pride and joy to the councillors—although it is the man and woman in the street, after all, who makes these special appeals succeed.

But Ware had a bit of weighing done, found that there were 27¼ lb. of metal in the main casting, a few pounds of valuable brass in the decorative work, and some twenty odd pounds of mahogany in the surround.

And, remembering its lost front railings and the impossibility of getting furniture because of the importance of high-grade wood to the war effort, Ware's National Savings Committee instructed its publicity chairman, Councillor A. B. Swain, to refuse the gift.

We don't know how much valuable metal and mahogany the Admiralty has frittered away in this way to date, but a simple sum shows that it will need about a hundred *tons* of material urgently required for the war effort to pay these costly tributes to every district that has reached its target.

★ ★ ★

We wouldn't object if plaques twice as big and heavy were promised for after the war—but to give them now, when many people are surrendering little treasures they value to get this job finished as quickly as possible, is a senseless act.

That's why we hope other authorities will follow Ware's lead and stop this prodigal waste of such valuable war materials.

And surely it isn't necessary to fill thousands of shop windows with guns, life-saving rafts, parachutes, life-belts, Spitfire parts and other impediments of war whenever there is a special war loan appeal.

★ ★ ★

The peak was reached when we saw a model of one of our latest fighter aero-engines displayed in a sixpenny store at Acton, W.

An aircraft hand among the lookers-on said it had been specially painted and burnished for display. Does this mean that this wonderfully complex mechanism will never power an aeroplane?

The proper place for every such war weapon is at its action station.

If the public must be spurred on with free exhibitions—and we don't think it must—let them be made up of documents, curios, and articles not designed to use either against the enemy or in the protection of life.

ARGUE IT OUT *By PALLAS*

DIZZY £ s.d. OF THE WAR

BUDGET figures so huge that they can hardly be grasped and realised, recalled to me the fact that, ever since I drew my first meagre wages as a very junior reporter, the toll of war has reduced considerably my spending capacity.

In the last war, and for years afterwards, it didn't matter much. I was a bachelor, and though my cigarettes and drinks and petrol cost me more, I did pretty well, thank you, and didn't grumble.

Marriage made a bit of a difference. It does to every man, war costs or not.

But as the years rolled by, and a little more money came in, my spending power was stabilised.

At least, I thought it was until the cost of rearmament before the war again set me—and millions of others—back again to the old level.

★ ★ ★

Now, cigarettes I once bought at 10 for 3d. are 1s. 2d. for 10. I didn't drink in those far-off days, so a comparison is unfair. But I used to pay 2d. to go to a cinema. Soon I'll be paying 3s. for a seat in a similar part.

All this I tell you to emphasise how war has imposed a burden on every penny I have earned, past and present. The burden will undoubtedly be borne by every penny I earn in the future.

I knew men who, say, in a working life of 50 years, earned at the most £5,000. To-day the war costs £15,000,000 a day—or the total earnings of 3,000 such men over their lifetime.

These figures, more than a recital of cold millions, convey to the mind the true cost of war. They show the cost in terms of working hours, industrial power and earning capacity.

And they show just how deep and steady is the drain of war on the productive energy of the nation.

This daily slice out of one's income, due to two major wars in 25 years, may be regarded either as a sort of hire-purchase agreement for the safety of one's homes.

Or as payment for the continuation of the Four Freedoms—liberty to speak one's mind, liberty to pursue happiness, liberty to live in peace, and liberty to progress towards the dawn of a new and better world.

★ ★ ★

My argument may seem without foundation. National savings have grown enormously and millions of people are better off, in terms of money, than they were before the war.

Wages in many cases have increased more than has the cost of living. And, on the surface, it would seem that the nation by earning more and by saving more is enjoying a boom.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to point the fallacies of that. Every day the productive capacity of 3,000 men working for 50 years is being poured into the non-productive cauldron of war.

Sometime, somehow, we have got to make that wastage good. And that's when we get down to *real* economics.

OPEN LETTERS

Professor J. B. S. HALDANE, Scientist, Prophet and Politician

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Only the stupid and the selfish will oppose your aim of making life easier and happier for the workers in dangerous trades.

Latest figures prove that the lowest death rate is found among agricultural machine workers. Then come land radio operators, bank and insurance officials, canvassers, chemical workers, gamekeepers, teachers and civil servants—all with death rates below 70 per cent. of the average.

Whereas tin and copper miners have a mortality rate 342 per cent. above the average—a terrible figure. Sand blasters have the second and most dangerous job; then come other metal miners, stevedores, slate miners, glass blowers and kiln men in the pottery trade.

Yet, as you tersely point out, there is no compensation payable for two out of every three potters who die as a result of their occupation.

The Beveridge Report suggests that dangerous trades should be heavily taxed to persuade the employers to improve health conditions.

Better still, as you propose, we should eliminate the dangerous trades by producing the same products by entirely different methods.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE HICKS, M.P. Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Works

DEAR SIR,—Every week aggravates the appalling housing shortage. Every week, however, building materials are being ruthlessly wasted.

One example will illustrate a wide variety of cases.

In a Yorkshire town recently, an almost new house was cracked by an explosive incendiary bomb.

Slates, doors, window frames, plumbing, fireplaces, electric fittings and other equipment could all have been removed—and would have completed a house in the next road that has been left half-finished since war began.

Instead, a wire hawser was affixed and the whole house dragged down to a heap of rubble. Yes, that's a common folly.

No doubt I shall be told that the shortage of labour makes it impossible to salvage materials from bombed property.

But you must know quite well that many demolition workers, who now have comparatively little to do, were formerly builders who could be more usefully employed at their old rate of pay.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. MELVILLE MACKENZIE, Expert on Tropical Medicine

DEAR DOCTOR.—Plans are being made, great stocks of food and drugs assembled, to relieve the misery of stricken Europe when the Nazis are ousted.

But without the most meticulous *advance* organisation, the plans may collapse. How urgent is the need for such organisation is borne out by a monograph, "Medical Relief in Europe," which you have written for the Royal Institute of International Affairs. A grim and impressive picture is presented.

Under-feeding or absolute famine is spreading tuberculosis throughout vast areas, particularly Greece and Spain.

That monstrous killer, typhus fever, is now epidemic in most of eastern and much of central Europe, in Spain and North Africa—the typhus which struck down six million people in Russia between 1919 and 1921.

As after the last war, too, malaria is rampant. When this war ends, many hospitals and health services may cease because they have been under Nazi or Quisling control.

The practical suggestions you offer should be studied by the statesmen now engaged in planning relief measures.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—I still get complaints of farmers being evicted from their holdings without having received the expert advice by which they might have been able to become efficient.

I welcome, therefore, the proposal of the Luxmoore Committee that each county should be divided into districts not larger than 1,000 farmers or 100,000 acres.

Each district would have an officer to advise farmers, and each district would be supervised by a county officer who would have dairying, poultry farming and agricultural machinery experts to assist him.

Primarily, of course, the Luxmoore Report is concerned with educating young farmers for a post-war Britain. It is so sound a document, it contains so much good sense in line with the policies of all three political Parties, that I see no reason to delay its passage into law.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Heaven forbid that I should urge you to add to the number of Defence Orders—there have been 6,000 of them since war began.

But one more is necessary to prevent workers from being victimised by an offensively unjust trade custom.

See what happens:

You transfer a worker to a strange city. She finds lodgings after some trouble. For the first week her expenses are heavy; she counts her pence and assures herself that anyhow she'll get her wages on Friday.

Friday comes, but no wages. They are withheld until she has completed the *second* week at the new job.

That is not an unusual case, as you may know. The "week in hand" wages system is causing consternation and real hardship to many people who have been called-up to work in towns far distant from their homes.

I suggest you should take power to suspend the system.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir ARTHUR TEDDER, Victor of the Mediterranean Skies

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Thanks to you, the *Luftwaffe* has shrunk like a rag in the wash.

Never, in the whole course of the war, has it suffered a more merciless hammering than in recent weeks.

Even before Rommel reached the northern hills, 1,253 of his aircraft had crashed to destruction since the Tunisian campaign began.

Pounded and blasted from dawn to dusk, his fleeing troops looked in vain for protection by Messerschmitt and Junkers fighters.

Anxiously surveying their reserves, his supply officers waited for aerial reinforcements from Europe.

The Axis fighters took off from the few bases remaining to them—and were smashed before they reached the battle front. Giant "air lorries" droned across the Mediterranean from Sicily and Sardinia—and did not survive their first glimpse of the African coast.

In one day fifty-three enemy machines were crumpled into blazing wreckage—forty of them big carriers laden with 3½ tons apiece of petrol or arms.

In one week-end seventy were lost at the cost of three American planes. And still the slaughter continued.

Now, it is clear, the campaign has cost the *Luftwaffe* as many machines as the Battle of Britain itself—or the first two years of all the fighting in the Middle East.

Plainly, too, the magnificent drive of the Eighth Army has owed much to the closest air support ever provided.

As you once said, "Command of the air determines what happens on land and sea." Let me add that your command of the air in Africa has eased our task of reducing the Nazi defences of Europe.

To you, your long-range bomber chief (that wind-grizzled American veteran, "Tooey" Spaatz), your ground support expert (burly, grim-faced Coningham), and to all the men you command, soldiers and civilians alike will say, "Well done!"—JOHN BULL.

8th Army Grew from a Gigantic Bluff!

They were tough right from the start

MONTY'S CONQUERORS—I

In these days when the 8th Army is sweeping forward from victory to victory it seems almost impossible to realise that this magnificent Force—the finest in existence today—had a perilous birth in one of the biggest gambles probably ever known in warfare. The stirring story is told in this first article of a new series compiled from official records

By MAURICE FAGENCE

THERE'S no need for me to call the 8th Army "glorious" or "wonderful."

By its deeds you shall judge it.

It has put up at least as good a show as the famous British Armies of history—and this at the end of the longest and most vulnerable lines of communication ever, and against an enemy who was on the doorstep of his supplies in men and material.

So it could tear the enemy to tatters one month, and see it rise again like a cocksure Colossus the next.

It had to do more than beat Rommel.

It had to beat the *potential* of the vast German military machine to reinforce, rebuild and renew its armies in North Africa, which is like beating Len Harvey and then finding Joe Louis in the ring.

And the 8th Army has been doing that since — well, here's my inescapable difficulty.

When did the 8th Army begin?

It did not train as a complete entity in Britain. It did not sail away in a vast armada.

It just grew—like Topsy.

I should place its first beginning on a day before the war when two or three young British Army officers in Egypt decided to spend their leaves practising navigation far out in the desert.

Maybe they brooded about national preparedness. Records are silent on such points.

Men with Vision

If they did, we owe them a debt for not drowning their sorrows in Cairo.

Instead, they pin-pointed the loneliest, starkest spots in the desert. Such spots that it would be a test of physical and mental endurance to get there.

And they went there.

They mapped and they charted. They worked out the requirements of modern fast-moving attacking columns in that vastness. They planned stratagems.

And so they pioneered, the Long Range Desert Groups which did so much to enable us to hold off a many times bigger army when Italy declared war.

It was such a patrol which, in the autumn of 1941, came near to capturing Rommel—and gave us the epic of young Keyes, V.C.

Equipped with fast, well-armed trucks, they were capable of being self-supporting for four weeks at a time, covering a thousand miles in a sortie—have actually turned up at the *back* of an enemy division moving up and dogged it day after day.

Those young officers certainly did a great job for Britain.

And so did a young lance-corporal who drove his truck to Bardia and, seeing Italian brass-hats raving at a harassed civilian, hid his vehicle and joined them.

He actually heard the instructions being given to a civilian for the building of the tremendous defences of the Bardia stronghold—one of the toughest we had to break down.

First Thin Line

He found his truck and shot back with this early evidence of Mussolini's intentions against us.

Indeed, I write with pride of all the precious few who lined up on the Egyptian frontier under Wavell in June, 1940, when Italy entered the war.

There were three infantry battalions—Coldstreams, K.R.R.s and Rifle Brigade. A regiment of Royal Horse Artillery, who fire light shells — but monstrously quickly.

A tank battalion. A regiment of Hussars. And proportionate and, therefore, small forces of the R.A.S.C., R.A.O.C., medicals, sappers, signals and so on, all front-line troops in this war.

And that's all.

They were "the contemptible little army" of this war. They did what another contemptible little army did at Mons. They held on against forces so great that you wonder, to-day, that they were not trodden underfoot.

But to return to those earliest days—the officers of the 60th Rifle Brigade were listening to the B.B.C. when they heard of Italy's declaration of war.

The little British Army took up battle positions at the frontier.

From the first moment, Italians came over and bombed and gunned us daily.

On the third day the first Hurricane appeared. Our men cheered their heads off.

As though inspired by the demonstration, our pilot scattered a flight of eight Savoyas as if they were pigeons, and throats cracked this time.

The day before this happened, the 11th Hussars swept across the frontier and gathered up two officers and fifty-nine other ranks.

Deep in Desert

The day after a small, daring column seized the frontier forts of Capuzzo and Maddalena.

For days our men went deep into the pitiless desert, sometimes coming back delirious.

This comparatively tiny force was soon facing five well-equipped Italian divisions along a 70-mile front from the Mediterranean into the desert.

We set out from the first to make those Italians feel like haunted men.

The function of the K.R.R.s and Rifle Brigade was to materialise suddenly out of the earth, strike at immensely superior forces, and vanish like ghosts.

We established a moral ascendancy from the first. We harassed their camps—they concentrated in strongholds for safety—all the time. We penetrated deep, came up behind them and gave them the jitters.

The enemy superiority—in numbers!—grew and grew.

We received news that two tremendous enemy columns were coming up as reinforcements. There was no doubt, for our men were following them.

But this big army which you might have expected would eat us up had the fear the average elephant has of the mouse—which often ends in elephantine hysterics!

They huddled together in force—mainly round Bardia, a natural fortress which—remember my story of the resourceful lance-corporal?—they now described as "impregnable."

And the "contemptibles" kept up their ghost tactics.

If you can't see near-miracles in what I am about to describe you should give up trying to follow military tactics.

You know how, by crossing and recrossing the stage, a dozen stage-hands make themselves look like an army?

Well, a handful of Royal Army Ordnance Corps men showed themselves to a strong Italian garrison so often that the enemy thought we were concentrating in strength.

A Royal Engineers unit mended some hundred of wireless transmitting sets.

Knowing that an enemy often judges the strength of the opposition by the amount of wireless transmitting in progress at any moment, it set all these sets chattering at once.

Time and again we deceived the enemy into thinking they were hopelessly outnumbered.

The Italian is a prey to such ruses because of his national weakness for exaggeration.

As it was put to me by a man who devised one of the best of these tricks:

Make a hundred men look like a thousand and the Italian patrol will report ten thousand.

How it Worked

Italian divisional headquarters, allowing for exaggeration, will assume there might be seven thousand.

The Commander-in-Chief will hear there are seven thousand and will make his own allowance for exaggeration—but, exaggeration not being an exact science, won't dare suppose there are less than six thousand.

Which accounts for many disappearances of Italians in face of inferior numbers. It isn't necessarily cowardice!

Our infantry had orders to reconnoitre and harass the enemy continuously, and keep them in a wild state of nerves

With incredible cheek and confidence, our patrols went a hundred miles, bobbed up behind the Italians, fought, disappeared and got back.

Daring Patrols

General Gott (dead and irreplaceable) wanted every bit of information he could get about the Bardia stronghold.

He sent officer-patrols out for three nights in succession and, due to shortage of officers, "other ranks" every fourth night.

Each patrol meant a ten-miles drive on compass bearings and speedometer readings through pitch blackness, then three miles march, counting your paces; contacting the enemy, lifting his mines, silently getting rid of anybody in your way, returning to your trucks by compass and pacing, and back to your lines by speedometer and compass.

If you didn't bring back full information about dispositions, you'd crabbed the show!

And so we remained masters of No Man's Land, although it was never more than one small British patrol against the three Italian divisions at Bardia!

But the enemy strength grew and grew. And our army couldn't possibly grow like that.

We had lost too much in men and material at Dunkirk.

It was no use demanding heads on a charger. Our peace time forces in Egypt had been limited by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936. And now France had gone—and we had never planned to defend Egypt alone.

The Italians had attacked Greece. We had to spare much-needed aircraft. And we couldn't reinforce our Middle East Forces on any useful scale.

When Musso Struck

Besides, it was possible the Axis was going to try to invade Britain and Egypt and attack one or other of our Empire routes simultaneously.

The enemy reached a point at which he dare strike, and strike he did.

We had to go back eighty miles, fighting, fighting all the way.

Would Egypt fall?

The German wireless predicted that Egypt would be overwhelmed.

Italian G.O.C. Graziani announced grandiloquently to Mussolini that he wouldn't bother with a communiqué—events spoke for themselves.

But General Wavell halted just where he planned to halt—at Mersa Matruh.

From here, said Wavell, we were going to advance, which seemed crazy optimism.

The enemy gathered himself for greater safety in perimeter camps and, allotting so many camps to each small column, we continued to play merry hell with them.

And our men, beginning to call themselves for the first time "the Desert Rats," kept nibbling and disappearing.

Our Lucky Gap

One patrol went twenty-five miles to find out where the gap was in the minefields covering the Nibeewa-Tomar camps. Wavell wanted to know badly.

They discovered tanks among the mines—a sure hint that here was the gap.

Noiselessly, they crawled among the tanks, measuring the width and position of the gap.

Then back with their news.

Great news it was, for soon after General Wavell sent for the Press correspondents and said:

"Gentlemen, we have begun our first offensive."

And, for the discomfiture of any of those sleepy Italian tank crews who may survive, I will reveal that he got his tanks through that gap!

NEXT WEEK: Rommel Turns Up.

Mussolini Now Demanding Hitler's Help!

Do they look like men sure of victory?

IT is strange how immediate danger to Italy has enhanced Mussolini's position opposite Hitler.

But there it is! The low jackal who had to beg crumbs from Hitler's table ever since he joined Germany in the Axis is now able to turn round and make demands on Hitler.

In the face of extreme danger Hitler dare not quarrel too violently with the Duce. He knows that Mussolini's disaster would herald his own funeral. For the first time in years he must fulfil Mussolini's requests and will, in future, perhaps, have to conduct the war in the Mediterranean according to the Duce's ideas.

Remember what preceded the recent meeting of the two Axis chiefs when they discussed the war under more critical circumstances than they have ever faced before.

In the past few years a constant stream of Italian visitors went to Berlin, Berchtesgaden, Munich and to Hitler's H.Q. They came on Mussolini's behalf to beg for coal for Italian industry, food for the Italian people, A.A. guns for Italian cities.

They tried to whittle down Hitler's requests for more Italian workers and more Italian divisions for the Russian Front.

Haughty Nazis

Most of the Italian envoys returned with empty hands. Their requests were always refused. Their reply was usually a speech by a Nazi leader who said haughtily that the "Axis must make sacrifices" while the struggle raged on the Russian Front.

The Axis was always Italy. Italian commentators tearfully explained to their people that no immediate help for Italy was possible.

Coal transports to Italy were cut down. Italian agriculture died for want of workers. Italian soldiers perished in the Russian Steppes and were ruthlessly abandoned by Rommel during his African retreat, so that more Germans might be saved.

And so that Germany might survive the Russian blows, Italy had to sacrifice her African Empire.

But with the loss of this Empire the war took on a different shape. When Rommel was expelled from Libya, when his defeat in Tunisia became a foregone conclusion, Italy was in the front line of Hitler's war.

Daren't Risk Quarrel

With the Achilles heel of the Axis exposed to immediate attack the possibility of a defeat of Italy was very much in Hitler's mind, and so were all the disastrous consequences it would entail.

He could no longer risk a quarrel with Mussolini when the sword of Damocles hung over his head.

Now, suddenly, Axis tourist traffic changed direction. Nazi bigwigs began to travel to Italy. Goering went on a mysterious mission to Rome. He cannot have been too successful or else Ribbentrop would not have followed on his heels to see the Duce.

The German Press published pictures showing the Nazi Foreign Minister handing Mussolini a personal message from Hitler. It did not seem to make a great impression on the Italians!

Doenitz, the German Navy Chief, followed Ribbentrop and was reported in constant conversation with Riccardi, then chief of the Italian fleet. He cannot have received much satisfaction either, or else Riccardi would not have resigned immediately after the conversations.

It did not look as if Hitler had it all his own way in Italy.

Under the prevailing circumstances it was not difficult to reconstruct the interview between Hitler and Mussolini which crowned the busy days of Axis officials during the last few weeks.

Whatever the visible results of this meeting, whatever the outward appearance it is obvious that it was Hitler who had to approach Mussolini hat in hand.

It was for Mussolini now to say how many A.A. guns he needs to protect the "under-belly of the Axis," how many troops he can spare for Russia without risking an invasion of Italy as a stepping-stone to Germany.

Big Turn-round

It was no longer a question of the Italian fleet performing at Hitler's will and whims. Now only the Italian fleet could help in saving the Germans in Tunisia, if Hitler wanted to save them.

Would Mussolini agree to risk it for that purpose if, for instance, Rommel persisted in sacrificing Italians to rescue Germans? Trust Mussolini to have made that point clear.

And Sicily! For Hitler's *Luftwaffe* it is now the most vital base on his Continent. Sardinia, his other base, is in Italian hands. Long stretches of the French Mediterranean coast are guarded by Italians and in the Balkans Italian troops must reinforce the numerically weak Germans.

In the Mediterranean itself Pantelleria, fortified and garrisoned by Italy, becomes as important to the Axis as Malta was to the Allies.

The Italian Metropolitan army, now that Hitler has suffered such grave losses in man-power, becomes a formidable proportion of Axis strength.

Italian transport can no longer be deprived of locomotives and rolling stock because they must serve the vital communications to the most vulnerable part of Axis territory.

What bargaining counters Mussolini had in his pockets when he saw Hitler! And, above all, Hitler knows only too well the sordid mind of his comrade-in-arms.

What if Mussolini threatened to make a separate peace? What if the jackal prepared the first defection from the Axis camp?

It cannot have escaped Hitler that Mussolini had some curious interviews before he went to see him and arranged for similar ones after his return.

The little Axis satellites remembered their early links with Italy before Hitler made Berlin the centre of Europe's Quislings. To them Mussolini now spells a new hope. As the one-eyed is king among the blind so Mussolini is the strongest among the weaklings.

Duce's Interviews

Premier Kallay came from Hungary to confer with him. No German was present at this interview.

Kallay may have asked Mussolini to present Hungary's views to Hitler. But Mussolini's position is strengthened if he can speak for Hungary as well.

Just as Kallay would have gone to Hitler directly only a few months ago, so would the Croat and Slovakian leaders who recently preferred to travel to Rome recently.

Is Mussolini forming a separate block inside the Axis to strengthen his position? Hitler must wonder.

How much these interviews disturbed Hitler's mind is shown by the fact that he hastily summoned the "Rome pilgrims" to his own H.Q. He wants to reassert his influence with them and find out what plots they were hatching in Italy.

Hitler's Quandary

The Nazis do not like the idea that so many roads lead to Rome. They realise how easy it is for Mussolini to make capital out of his misery.

Mussolini's case is simple.

The Italian base must be strong if it is to resist an Allied attack. Mussolini can now demand food, coal, arms and guns. Whether he likes it or not Hitler must comply.

For years Mussolini has been humiliated by Hitler, ridiculed by the Germans. What an opportunity to get his own back now. How he will revel in his "glory"!

But it cannot mean more than the dubious honour of going to his doom with some semblance of authority.

W. F.

THE SE

HATS off to the Eighth Army! While we await the kill in the Battle of Africa, let us pay homage to the heroic men —our sons and our brothers, our friends and our kinsmen—who have brought this great thing to pass.

Six short months ago the enemy were at the gates of the Suez. The whole littoral of North Africa was in their hands. The Middle East was in imminent peril. Gallant little Malta was our last foothold in the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Alexandria.

To-day the legions of the enemy are huddled together on a tiny spit of rock, enveloped on land, sea and in the air by avenging hosts, doomed if they stay, doomed if they seek to escape.

★ ★ ★

And the chief instrument in this tremendous turn in the wheel of fortune has been the Eighth Army. Other factors there have been, of course: in the sensational swoop on French Africa and the expulsion of the Vichy régime, for example.

BUT IT IS THE EIGHTH ARMY WHICH HAS BEEN THE SPEARHEAD OF VICTORY. THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING MORE SPECTACULAR IN THE HISTORY OF WAR THAN THE TRIUMPHANT DRIVE OF THIS ARMY ACROSS HALF A CONTINENT.

The men who took part in it have covered themselves with a glory that will be as immortal as that of the men of Agincourt and Balaclava and the Battle of Britain.

So, hats off to the Eighth Army! And to their heroic leader. And to the airmen and seamen and factory workers who made the *tour de force* possible. Not forgetting Mr. Churchill, whose visit to Egypt preluded and inspired this overwhelming victory.

Nor in the hour of thanksgiving shall we forget the fallen. Their memory is deathless.

★ ★ ★

Let us turn to the bearing of this great episode upon the war. The Battle of Africa is the third of the major disasters that have befallen the Axis.

The first was the Battle of Britain, which stopped the stampede and scrapped all Hitler's original plans. The second was Stalingrad, which shattered the Hitler legend and the legend of the invincibility of the German Army.

THE BATTLE OF AFRICA CLINCHES THE STRANGLEHOLD UPON THE AXIS. WHATEVER HAPPENS AT BIZERTA—WHETHER ROMMEL IS HAMMERED ON THE SPOT OR STAGES A "DUNKIRK" —THE RESULT WILL BE THE SAME.

Hitler is locked up in Europe. All the dreams of surging out into Asia and Africa and linking up with Japan are at an end. He is barred in the East. He is barred in the South. He is barred at sea.

He has lost his foothold in Africa. Six months ago, with Rommel crouching for the spring at Suez and with Vichy traitors masters of Algeria and French West Africa, the dark continent seemed an easy prey.

Now it is in our hands from Algiers to Cape Town. And in losing Africa the Axis is losing something even more important.

It is losing the Mediterranean. With both shores of that sea in its control it was able to make our grip on the Mediterranean insecure.

ECRET OF CASABLANCA

★ *Nothing Rommel can now do in Africa can materially affect the launching of the major plans, shaped by Churchill and Roosevelt at their last historic meeting—and as the hour for their fulfilment obviously draws nearer the Axis pundits are kept guessing more and more frantically*

Says A. G. GARDINER

There was a time after the surrender of France when very sober students of the war predicted that we should have to quit the Mediterranean.

But now with the whole southern shore of the Middle Sea in our possession our command of that sea should become absolute. (I am not forgetting the Italian navy.)

And consider the bearing of this upon the narrowing theatre of the war. With the free passage of the Mediterranean we shall shorten our route to the Near East by ten thousand miles. We shall thus save hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping.

We shall get our supplies to Southern Russia in half the time. And we shall make all Southern Europe open to attack.

★ ★ ★

This, in the new conditions of the war, is a fact of enormous consequence. We are going to invade the Continent—somewhere and soon. Perhaps in more places than one.

THE BATTLE OF AFRICA HAS WIDENED OUR CHOICE OF ATTACK BY TWO THOUSAND MILES OF COAST LINE. AND AROUND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WE HAVE GREAT ARMIES ASSEMBLED, THE TRIUMPHANT EIGHTH ARMY BASED ON EGYPT, THE FIRST ARMY IN ALGERIA, THE TENTH ARMY IN THE MIDDLE EAST, ALL READY TO SPRING.

And all the Axis pundits are guessing frantically as to where the spring will be aimed at. Mussolini has no doubt that it will be Italy. Hence the meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

Goebbels' augurs predict the danger now from the Gibraltar end of the Mediterranean, now from the Cyprus end.

And all the while they are scared about the West front from Norway to Brittany. Let us leave them scared.

ONLY THOSE WHO ARE IN THE SECRETS OF CASABLANCA KNOW THE ANSWER, AND THEIR LIPS ARE SEALED.

★ ★ ★

But it is this riddle that constitutes the heaviest blow that the Battle of Africa has struck at the Axis. For however long Bizerta itself may hold out (and it is a very powerful fortress), it is unlikely that it can alone hold up the Casablanca plans.

And it is the delay of those plans that is vital to Hitler. He looked to Rommel in Africa to keep our armies busy this summer, just as he looks to Doenitz to destroy enough of our transport to make invasion on the grand scale impossible.

Rommel has failed him in Africa, and if Doenitz fails him at sea his quandary is insoluble.

The key of his dilemma is, of course, Russia. No matter what happens elsewhere, he dare not leave an undefeated Russia in his rear.

She is the one power that has access to Germany by land, and two years of dreadful disillusionment have taught him what a

mighty foe he so recklessly brought into the field against him.

From that terrific blunder he can now never escape. He cannot "disengage" himself, to use the lovely euphemism with which Goebbels used to dignify Rommel's headlong flight.

He must go forward. He must crush Russia or lose the war. And to crush Russia calls for all and more than all the resources at his command.

★ ★ ★

IT IS IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT THE BATTLE OF AFRICA PRESENTS HIM WITH THE CERTAINTY THAT THE WAR IN THE WEST IS ABOUT TO TAKE A MORE FORMIDABLE SHAPE. HE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE THE BLOW WILL FALL. HE MUST BE PREPARED FOR IT EVERYWHERE FROM NARVIK TO THE ÆGEAN.

And meanwhile the troubles within his fortress deepen. His wretched jackal, kicked out of Africa, is quaking with fear and demanding his master to save him from destruction at home.

Every night his cities go up in flames, and the strain on his air resources is so great that he dare not attempt to reply. His transport problem goes from bad to worse.

As the omens of defeat gather round him, the rumblings of the volcano he has made of Europe increase. Sabotage is spreading like a plague over the Continent.

The underground Press grows daily more audacious. Most significant of all, he begins to whine to the little peoples of Europe whom he has plundered and massacred and enslaved.

And all the time he is haunted by the nightmare of Russia.

THESE ARE THE CONDITIONS IN WHICH HITLER TURNS TO FACE THE CASABLANCA DELUGE, OF WHICH THE BATTLE OF AFRICA IS THE PRELUDE. THE PINCERS ARE CLOSING IN ON HIM LIKE AN INEXORABLE FATE.

A "Second Front" Inside Germany

DESPITE the doubts of some people prominent in public life, it is clearer than ever that Hitler can be attacked politically inside Germany as well as militarily from outside.

The official estimate that more than 1,500,000 people there listen to the B.B.C. broadcasts in German is alone sufficient proof because the risks are considerable.

Goebbels is not trusted and there is a widespread and growing desire to grasp the news from outside.

★ ★ ★

It is therefore of the utmost importance that the political and military warfare should now be very closely co-ordinated.

Those responsible for the political ammunition must get clearer ideas about the part which we can reasonable expect the anti-Nazis in Germany to play at the present time.

Recently, for instance, an appeal (not on behalf of the Government) was broadcast to the German workers. They were urged to rise, to oppose violence to violence, and *to realise that this was their "last chance."*

This was certainly all well meant, but evidently not sufficiently pondered.

Remember Dieppe: the first thing which the B.B.C. did at dawn was to warn the French people that this was not an invasion and that they should therefore abstain from any premature rising.

Before and since then warnings on the same lines have been broadcast time and again, not only to the people in France, but also to the Norwegians, Belgians and Dutch.

That is plain common-sense: we need these masses, especially the most daring and patriotic young men on the Continent, for the day when the Allies land.

We need them alive and in freedom, ready to strike in the rear of the Germans at the very moment when the Second Front is launched.

★ ★ ★

We would badly miss them if they had been shot or jailed before as the result of untimely, though heroic, actions.

The position is not essentially different with regard to the anti-Hitlerite forces in Germany.

The rôle of the German anti-Nazi workers at the present time must be mainly confined to undermining the morale of the people at home and in the army, by spreading gloom, defeatism, distrust.

Wherever they can they should also slow down production and seek contacts with slave-workers from occupied countries for concerted acts of industrial sabotage, and for a later rising against the common enemy.

★ ★ ★

By doing all that they will pin down in Germany a number of S.S. divisions which Hitler badly needs on the Eastern Front and along the invasion coasts. He will need them quite desperately when the Allies land on the Continent.

If, on the other hand, the German workers were induced by untimely appeals, broadcast at random from Allied capitals, to rise prematurely it would be an easy job for the S.S. and the Gestapo to crush them.

Then, when the invasion starts, Himmler could afford to rush these S.S. divisions as reinforcements to the coasts because the danger on the home front would be over.

Political warfare, too, must be treated as a part of the inter-Allied grand strategy.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

A MOCK KING WHO NEEDS WATCHING

"COUNT GEOFFREY WLADISLAS VAILE POTOCKI OF MONTALK," most blatant and grotesque of all "Royal" pretenders, is in the news again.

Because lots of foolish people believe in his fantastic claims, let me give you a few reasons why you should not send him money if you receive an appeal to do so.

Many of you will have seen him in the flesh without knowing him. For he has wandered about the streets of London and other cities for years garbed in red robes and wearing sandals and a headpiece like a beret.

Preparing to Reign

Long brown hair, tinted golden in parts, hangs low over his shoulders.

From headquarters at a partly timbered, six-roomed house called Half Moon Cottage in a lonely road near Little Bookham, Surrey, he is at present preparing for the time when he re-establishes—and himself reigns over!—the Royal House of Poland.

Despite emphatic official repudiations, he claims the right to call himself H.M. Wladislas the Fifth, King of Poland, and down at Little Bookham rules over a small colony of devoted followers of both sexes.

From that address, too, he runs a concern called "The Polish Royalist Association," which has been set up "to promote the establishment of a powerful Polish kingdom under His Majesty's rule."

People willing to support this work, which also embraces a desire to unite the Hungarian Crown with that of Poland, are invited to send funds to the treasurer, John H. Harvey, at Half Moon Cottage.

Although every effort is made to introduce much routine and regalia of a royal household into the workings there, "the King" at present has to be content to reign in very cramped surroundings.

"The throne," for instance, which is just a draped chair, stands beneath a coat-of-arms in what used to be a bedroom. But, dressed in his robes, and wearing heavy rings and clasps, Potocki holds special ceremonies there at which his followers sit awkwardly about him in semicircles.

Occasionally he confers a "knighthood" on members who have performed some sterling service. It was perhaps apt that his treasurer was recently "knighted"—and is now known among adherents as "Sir John."

Incidentally, apart from being treasurer, Harvey is the owner of Half Moon Cottage and has permitted "the King" to reside there since Potocki was ejected from a flat he previously occupied in Pimlico (London) for not paying his rent.

A few days ago a very special ceremony took place in the "Throne Room" in the presence of "The Queen of Poland," "Sir" John Harvey and a number of supporters dressed in tunics of peacock purple.

Potocki then "knighted" an 18B detainee recently released, unconditionally, from Brixton Jail.

This man, Frederick Bowman, a rank pacifist, who was detained in 1940 after his house had been raided by the Liverpool police, achieved considerable publicity during his detention.

He brought an unsuccessful action against a prison governor, for instance, for the return of a number of sheets of printed notepaper alleged to have been wrongly taken from him!

Potocki, who has carried on this impudent pose for years, has recently excelled himself by conferring a "knighthood" on a pacifist

Brought from detention to give evidence, and cutting a conspicuous figure in court with his Vandyke beard and a white carnation buttonhole, Bowman called Mr. Herbert Morrison "our comic Home Secretary," and referred to the Prime Minister as "Mr. Churchill of Sidney Street."

Whatever grounds Potocki may have for claiming the Polish throne, the fact remains that he is discredited by the Polish Government. And his "knighthoods" are, of course, quite worthless.

Obscene Poems

He was born in New Zealand, of an English mother and a Polish father belonging to an aristocratic family.

Since he came to this country some years ago he has been several times convicted. On one occasion he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for publishing obscene poems, and on another to three months for striking a police officer over the head with an axe!

So his fantastic claims shouldn't be taken seriously—at least by people who prefer to give their spare cash only to deserving causes.

Mystery Cleric

A MAN who calls himself the Rev. Charles Donald, P.G.G., D.D., is running a concern named the Royal Theological Seminary and Bible School from basement offices in Crown Street, Glasgow.

He also seeks young ex-Servicemen and women to train under him for the furtherance of the "Seminary's" work.

He offers a course of study, but begins by selling followers printed matter for a small fee.

Inquiries fail to trace any school, society or other organisation, and his Crown Street headquarters are used as living quarters.

He claims to be a professor of Greek grammar (which accounts for the P.G.G. behind his name), but has been extremely vague when questioned as to how he obtained the degree.

Nor is his name to be found in any recognised reference book of ordained ministers of religion.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. M. Ramage, Thirsk Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.11, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information about scandals or ramps should be addressed: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

—AND A DANGEROUS HEALTH LURE

MOST people getting on in years would like to be able to restore the vigour of youth

Well, there is a concern proudly boasting that this can be done.

It is the Pharmaceutical Research Institute, Ltd., of Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2, and its printed matter leads one to believe that impaired gland activity can be successfully treated *by post.*

Some of the extravagant claims made by this so-called "institute" are in themselves sufficient to condemn it, but there are numerous other reasons why its offers should be ignored.

In the first place, a noted specialist has asserted there are only two methods of gland treatment active when taken internally, and neither can be used safely without a proper medical diagnosis being first obtained.

Even then treatment should only be given *under skilled medical guidance.*

Without any such personal contact, however, and through the medium of a postal diagnosis form only, this "institute" claims its treatment to be effective!

Moreover, the British Medical Association quite definitely states that the indiscriminate use of glandular preparations without proper and personal supervision is not only undesirable but liable in certain cases to be highly dangerous.

Complaints have been made by people who have paid money to but derived little or no benefit from the Pharmaceutical Research Institute, Ltd., which operates from a small office.

I must make it clear that this "institute" should not be confused with the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, which is, of course, the premier body for licensing chemists and druggists in this country.

My advice is: Ignore this "institute's" advertisements, some of which are often displayed in a way that makes their appeal specially attractive to more susceptible people.

He's Plausible

ALTHOUGH the special war time legislation introduced to restrict unworthy charity appeals has put many promoters out of business, it has done absolutely nothing to curb begging letter writers, who are to-day busier than ever.

One, using the alias of Gilbert, has lately been sending out appeals from addresses in Gillingham and other Kentish towns.

Describing himself as an ex-Naval man without home or pension, he tells a pitiful story and begs a few pounds to tide him over until a promised job comes along.

He was never in the Navy.

Another, with a string of aliases, tells how he has been "bombed out" three times, yet cannot get compensation. Most of the addresses he uses are post offices, though he cleverly gives the street or road numbers as though they were ordinary dwelling-houses!

DON'T send money to anyone you don't know, no matter how sad their stories may appear to be.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

WHAT IS "BANCOR"?

● No, it is not as difficult to explain the "Keynes Scheme" in a few words as you think.

"Bancor"—that is bank gold—is the name of the monetary unit proposed under the "Keynes Scheme" for enlightened post-war international currency and trading.

If the Plan comes into force, countries will open "banking accounts" with an international clearing union which would, by book entries, settle outstanding balances arising out of trading operations as between one country and another.

Settlement would be in "Bancor," which would have a fixed relationship with the currencies of all members or participating countries.

IS EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM No. 1?

● "Someone has said that, given employment for all, every other problem would solve itself naturally," writes a reader. "How far is this true?"

It all depends on what he means. It would be no use, after the war, merely putting everybody to work.

It is no good making anything unless you can sell it. It is no good trying to sell it unless someone has the means with which to buy it.

That is why you always return to the fact that the beginning of the solution is world settlement, the only basis of permanent prosperity.

For instance, during the war, Canada, Australia, South Africa and India have built new war factories, as complementary to our own. Without a post-war plan, these would become rivals of our own, all competing for the same market, creating, in the end, the old pre-war problems, and causing a boom and then a slump.

WHY THIS TALK OF ANOTHER WAR?

● "Many of us are appalled at the talk about the possibility of a third World War," I am told. "Surely we must get out of the way of thinking war an inevitable evil."

Once again, you must return to the idea of permanent settlement based on economic justice.

The people who are talking of a third World War are the very people who think only of wholesale punishment of the German race.

They are the people whose minds, however good their motives, are the types that make for war.

Remember the lesson of the last time. On the day after the Armistice, L. G., addressing his Liberal colleagues, asserted that peace must be based on "principles of righteousness without base, sordid, squalid ideas of vengeance or of avarice." Soon, though, he got a telegram from 370 Members of the new Parliament stating that their constituents demanded that Germany should pay the debt in full.

That is how it all began.

DESTINY AND THE BULLET

A SLICE OF LIFE

I had my orders, and I ups with the old bundhook and fires, intending to hit him in the leg. But I was excited, and in a hurry.

By WALDO KELLAR

IT was at the beginning of the war. I had to visit a soldiers' camp in the South of England, and found myself (of course) in a local public-house.

You remember those days. The blackout was still a new thing, and we, who are a race of air-breathers, felt closed-in and depressed like plainsmen lost in a forest.

There was a smell of stuffiness and of doom. Nobody was cheerful. Rumour, that lying slut, had reared her bedraggled head. Nobody knew where everything was going to lead.

I was in a corner with three other men. I remember that one of them, a lank-faced pale man, said: "Where is all this going to end?"

And then another man spoke. I liked the look of him the moment I set eyes on him. He was a small, dried-up man, with that air of sun-matured toughness, that appearance of teak-like hardness which you find in men who have lived rough and healthy lives in the tropics.

He was wearing a well-preserved suit of old tweeds and an open-necked shirt. But these clothes hung upon him as if they did not belong to him.

They say that clothes make the man. This, to a certain extent, is true; a military tunic is never really shaped to fit a soldier—a soldier is made to fit his tunic. And it was quite obvious that this little man had worn a uniform and conformed to an established way of carrying himself for many years.

His hair was of a neutral tint somewhere between yellow and sandy white. He had a moustache which might have been a sprinkling of silver sand on his upper lip.

He smoked a pipe, and had a certain bird-like way of cocking his head as he talked; and his tone was half-amiable and half-authoritative—the tone of a man who has grown accustomed to combining threats with promises in ordering a platoon.

He said this: "And who knows where anything in the world begins or ends? What do you mean by looking as if you'd lost a shilling and picked up a farthing just because you don't know where everything is going to end?"

About ten minutes later, easing himself into conversation like a foot into a shoe, he told us this story:

When I was a nipper I knew everything. Yes, when I was about fifteen years old nobody could tell me anything at all.

Well, I lived and learned. I lived a hell of a lot, and never learned very much. I'm sixty now, and I've only just begun to realise that the sum total of all I know is sweet Fanny Adams.

THIS gentleman here was giving us a patter about not knowing where things end. Now look, I'll tell you something.

Years and years ago I was in China. I was a soldier there. I got most of my military experience there. I liked the Chinese because I always found them a decent sort of people; honest and hard-working.

I was a private soldier then. One night I was on sentry duty, on a certain bridge over the Soochow Creek. There had been a lot of stealing going on.

There are good and bad of all sorts. There is no place in the world where you won't get thieving. In this case, rifles and ammunition were sometimes getting stolen.

Well, in every community there is a class that is willing to pay for firearms. I was on sentry-go. It was in the middle of the night and there was a damned great moon.

Being pretty young, it was all a bit new and ghostly. I had not been there more than an hour when I saw something move, and caught the glint of the moon on a bit of steel.

I gave the challenge, and nobody answered. I gave it again, and the shadow started to run away. I ordered it to stop or I'd fire.

It was a man. He panicked, and ran like the wind in the moonlight. I had my orders, and I ups with the old bundhook and fires, intending to hit him in the leg. But I was excited, and in a hurry.

The man went down, and I went over to him. Instead of hitting him in the leg I'd hit him in the back and shot him straight through the heart. He must have died in a split second.

I felt queer. This was the first man I ever killed. It didn't feel nice. When I looked down to see what he'd been stealing I saw all he had was a few pounds of old iron and a few bits of brass and copper in a big tin-can.

I got a bit drunk next day, but I felt rather conscience-stricken. The man had been some kind of a poor starving workman, and I dare say he had only tried to pinch a few farthings-worth of scrap metal to buy a bit of rice for his kids. I didn't feel much of a hero.

But time passed, and I got married. I left the Army and left China. I went to Singapore. This was years and years later.

I settled down in Singapore, and was very devoted to my wife. She was a nice girl. I got a job on a plantation, and did well.

I got myself a servant; or I should say, that I got my wife a servant—a Chinese woman, who, I don't mind telling you, was the best servant anybody in the world could wish to have.

SHE was as loyal and faithful as somebody out of fairy-story. She waited on my wife—who wasn't very strong—hand and foot, and seemed to like doing so, because my wife was always kind to her, and I don't believe that she, poor girl, had had much kindness in her life.

We did not have any kids at first, but after we had been married about five years my wife told me the glad news.

We were a long way from anywhere, and I had made arrangements that, a reasonable time before the business was due to start, my wife should be taken to another place where there were women and doctors and everything.

Well, when there was about another two months to go, I had to go, on very urgent business, a long way away. I left my wife in the care of the Chinese girl; but I did not feel very easy in my mind about it all.

I had to be gone just over a week. When I got back the child was already born. It was a boy, and he is thirty years old now, and more than six feet high, and strong as a buffalo.

But he was born before his time, and he was one of those kids who, you would think, hasn't got enough life in him to open his eyes.

He was too weak to cry. My wife had had a terrible time. She would have died as sure as God made heaven if it had not been for the servant.

Yes, this Chinese girl pulled off the whole affair. She played doctor, wet-nurse, midwife, and everything. And it is to her that I owe my wife's life and that of my son, who is now a doctor.

I had never really looked at her as a human being until then. We had never exchanged ten words, except in the form of orders given and taken. But now I began to talk to her, and asked her about herself.

She told me that she was from China. Her father had been a poor working man who could not make ends meet. He was

(Continued foot of next column.)

an honest man, she said, but one night, not wanting to see his children starve, he had tried to steal some scrap metal; but on a bridge over the Soochow Creek an English sentry had shot him in the back.

I asked her what sentry. She said: "I do not know, but if I did I should kill him. My brothers and my mother died of hunger, and I only live because I was a pretty girl, and a rich merchant took me away."

And you are talking to me about how things end or begin! Why, mug that you are, no man on earth knows the beginning or the end of anything that he does.

The only thing you can do, pal, is what you think is right, and hope for the best.

CREATING WEALTH

HUMAN MACHINE

It is not difficult to create wealth. It is difficult to create what the world calls wealth, perhaps.

True riches are the friends we make, the associations we form, the things with which we stock our minds, our memories and our hopes.

And the forces of our own prevailing thought determine the mental atmosphere we create around us.

"You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

Haven't you so often found that the people you dislike somehow also dislike you. Don't you frequently notice that folks you think companionable mostly think you're not so bad, either?

Reason is that if the thought forces you send out from yourself are those of hatred, or malice, or criticism, those are just the forces you arouse in others.

If you radiate thoughts of kindness and good will, you will arouse similar feelings in those with whom you come into contact.

Isn't it worth while, then, to make sure that we call forth the right ones?

Something the War Can't Do

MY broad beans are in flower!

It makes you think.

Broad beans in flower in April? you say. Wait a moment. They were in flower in the last week in March.

It makes you think and it makes you talk.

Neighbours hang over my fence and stare. "What!" they exclaim. "Broad beans in flower now?"

They tell each other, and I am stopped in the High Street.

"I hear you've got broad beans in flower. Not *really*?"

Now, these are historic times. The map of the world is being changed. Great personalities dominate our doings. Everything is on the boil.

★ ★ ★

In a hundred years' time a great many things that are being said and done to-day will be in the history books, and children by the million will be reading about what we are doing now.

That's certain.

Another thing which is certain is that there won't be anything in the history books about my beans.

But—about the only other thing that is certain about those distant days is that men will be growing broad beans then as they are now . . . and bragging about it.

It isn't news. Nobody takes any notice—except locally. But it is *sane*. It's one of the few sane things that mankind ever goes in for.

You don't feel hopeful about the human race sometimes. Sometimes you can't. Sometimes you wonder what they'll be up to in 2043.

You wonder how they'll be altering the map then, and what they'll be doing to each other in the name of suffering humanity.

★ ★ ★

And then you realise that, whatever else they are up to, thousands of them all over the globe will be shoving seeds into soil, and waiting, and gloating, and pointing, and rubbing their hands and going half crazy with pride because a seed in the earth is doing exactly what a seed in the earth did in 55 B.C.

The thought of the next Hitler makes you want to bite things.

But then you realise that for every Hitler there will be ten million men poking seeds into soil and bragging about it—and you forget to bite things.

You realise that there's still some hope left—and a good bit of it. Whatever extraordinary things may be in store, *the ordinary things will still be here.*

So you forget the Hitlers. You bite nothing. You light your pipe and go out into the garden and see how things are coming on.

And you lean over the fence and brag. . . .

Nice world, really.

A. G.

HOW DOES FEAR BEGIN—AND CAN IT BE CONQUERED?

By HUMANIST

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT RICHARD HILLARY was shot down in the Battle of Britain. He was trapped in the blazing cockpit of his machine at 25,000 ft. and lost consciousness. At 10,000 ft. he fell out and woke up in the sea. He was certain he was about to die.

"So this is it!" he thought.

He had no sense of fear. What gratified him enormously was to find that he had no desire to pray or to indulge in frantic abasements.

The jibe that the irreligious would change their tune when face to face with death proved to be untrue. He told the whole story in *The Last Enemy*.

By way of contrast, here is a problem sent by a woman reader:

"I have an aunt who is dying of an incurable disease," *she writes*. "Although she is a devout Christian with complete faith in her church and her religion she is absolutely terrified.

"Surely, if one believes in an after-life which is so much better than life on earth, one should look forward to release from all pain and worry? I have asked several people about it, but cannot get any convincing reply to my question.

"I do so want to help my aunt to overcome this fear of death. Can you help me in any way?"

Flight-Lieut. Hillary had no fear when he thought he was facing death

Strange, isn't it, that the old lady who believes in heaven is afraid to go, while the young airman who had no faith in any hereafter should be entirely unafraid.

Can this be the explanation? Is it the fear of the unknown? Or are these fears of death due to terrors conceived in early childhood?

A good Christian ought to be fortified by reading St. John 14 or 1 Corinthians, 15; but it would be difficult to find any passage more triumphant than Bunyan's account of the death of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth:

> *"When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which, as he went, he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went deeper he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side."*

That last sentence is magnificent.

BUT I doubt whether the writer of the letter can argue that fear away from her aunt's mind. Before I say anything more, however, here is a letter from a man who has a double fear.

"I suppose you will call me an arrant coward," *he says*. "And you will be right. I know I am a coward. But that does not help me at all in my trouble.

"My doctor tells me I must undergo an operation, and although I realise it is for my good, the thought of it scares me stiff.

The idea of being chloroformed is a nightmare.

"I am also afraid of dying—I always have been from a child. I try not to think about it, yet I know it is inevitable. Men of my age are beginning to go, one after another, and I get a sort of panic when I realise that my name is on the list and that there is no dodging it.

"I am not frightened of hell-fire as our grandfathers were. It is just the thought of coming to an end. It haunts my mind off and on all day."

The fear of an anæsthetic is a phobia with a good many people, especially those who have no knowledge of the subject. Once they have been through the experience they wonder why they worried.

Modern methods are so much better than those of years ago. He may even get off with a local anæsthetic. In any case, when the time comes, he will discover that the fear has left him.

I think it extremely likely that the same is true about the fear of death: the fear vanishes of its own accord. It is not death but the waiting for death which worries people so badly.

The fact that we all have to go, great and small alike, ought to convince the man that it is futile to try to dodge it.

Once the idea is accepted as inevitable, one can get some peace of mind. The curious thing is that the man who is afraid of death is generally afraid of life.

ANOTHER letter comes from a girl whose life was made a torment by unreasoning fears. I recommended her for psychological treatment, and she has written to thank me.

"I was afraid of meeting people," *she writes*, "and I thought they were all secretly laughing at me. I had terrible pains in the head. I felt I should go mad when I first wrote to you.

"Humanist, I can't express how I feel now. I am enjoying life. It feels like a calm after a storm. I am not a good letter writer. I am only a working girl in a factory, but I do want to thank you for what you did when you recommended that psychologist.

"I often wonder what would have become of me, because at that time I felt I would commit suicide."

The psychologist himself tells me that he was able to get at the source of the girl's troubles through an examination of her dreams. Once that was laid bare the tangles were all straightened out.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page, (without, of course, giving your name)

ETERNAL EASTER DAY

EASTER is Life's Song Triumphant, the Song of Sacrifice supreme; it pours upon the World's vast Cross the quenchless Light of Heaven's Gleam. It is the whole of Life uplifted, it is dark suffering turned to Light. It is the Morning Everlasting, it is the Purpose Infinite.

EASTER is the wondrous Promise, it is God's Message to our soul; that dark the way and hard the burden, by Faith, each one will reach their goal. It is the triumph over suffering, it is the Fortitude Sublime, it is the Living Christ Whose Courage Lit up the Cross for endless time.

EASTER is the Resurrection, it is the time of bud and leaf. It is the smile above the tear-drop, it is Life's healing after grief. It is the Hope that will not vanish, though Evil will the Good betray. For on the LIGHTED FACE *of* JESUS *there shone* ETERNAL EASTER DAY. J. M.

VOICE OF THE

THE R.A.F. boys are always on the job in the Mediterranean as elsewhere. Here is a story of action against an Italian convoy in a letter from Sgt. P. W. Sutton to a friend at Southbourne Gardens, Eastcote, Middlesex:

As you know, I was wireless operator and air gunner in our Beaufort. We were stationed at a 'drome near ——, and we were expecting to hear of an Italian convoy *en route* for ——, so we were all set.

That morning word came through that the convoy was within striking distance, and we were "briefed" to attack the ships with torpedoes.

"So we set off across the sea, almost skimming the waves. Two hours later we saw smoke on the horizon, and drawing closer saw the convoy and our "trouble" (enemy fighters).

It proved to be a convoy of six big ships escorted by two destroyers and forty German fighters.

I think we surprised them by coming in so low, as not one of the Jerry fighters attempted to attack us. On we went and the real "fun" began when the destroyers gave us everything they had. We aimed our torpedoes at one of the ships, and scored with a hit dead in the centre.

Then began our return journey, with the Jerry fighters now after us in real earnest. They were attacking us one at a time, and our pilot was doing some super-evasive action, but for all this we were being hit by cannon fire, and I was hit by something.

One of our engines had caught it, and the pilot shouted to us that we were going down. We held tight and made a clean "pancake" landing on the sea.

When the flow of water through the cabin had ceased we waded to the back hatch and removed our dinghy from the wings, only to find that it had been punctured by bullets and was useless.

So we decided to swim for the shore, about a mile away. Happily, after about ten minutes in the water, we were picked up by fishermen.

We were, as you can imagine, a little the worse for wear when we landed, and I was soon in hospital in a nice comfortable bed

ANNOYED THE MONKEYS

L/Cpl. Josephine Hollowood, of the A.T.S and serving with the R.A.P.C., has gone overseas and is seeing things. She writes to her mother at North Drive, Heswall, Cheshire:

Friends took us for a drive by car into the bush, and as we were driving slowly, monkeys kept jumping out of the trees.

When we stopped they surrounded us. They were so tame and inquisitive that they climbed on to the bonnet of the car, and pulled faces at us through the windscreen. We made faces back, and that seemed to annoy them!

Some of the lads in Palestine found a delightful way of forgetting the war for an hour or two

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

. . . The other evening after a dance we came home in the dark, and as I shone a torch on the steps leading to our rooms a snake wriggled along to get out of the light. Ugh! I think I prefer monkeys.

GOVERNOR'S GUESTS

To be invited to a Governor's garden party in West Africa is a "high spot" for some of the troops. Sgt. W. A. Middleton describes the "do" in a letter to his fiancée at Lansdowne Crescent, Stanwix, Carlisle:

Two hundred guests, including my humble self, awaited the arrival of His Excellency, the Governor. The laid-out gardens were lovely, and beyond them were the golden sands fringed with palm trees, and the white surf breaking on the shore.

The guard was in khaki drill and well turned out; the escort police in khaki drill with red and gold waistcoats, red sash, and red fez and tassel.

Members of the police band wore navy blue shorts, white blouses, fancy waistcoats and navy fez with red tassel. It was a colourful scene.

The Governor with his wife took up position, and we filed by to be received. After that there was tea on the lawn, tennis, bathing and everything. Then for the final hour we gathered round the band for liquid refreshments.

A grand "do," and we returned to camp, thinking that life out here wasn't so bad after all.

ZERO HOUR LAUGH

Pte. J. Gardin, serving with the M.E.F., has seen plenty of action and excitement in North Africa. He writes to his mother at Brighton Road, Clapton, London, E.5:

Our orders were to capture two enemy aerodromes, and I was one of the assault party detailed to gain control of a bridge that linked all six roads to the first aerodrome on the list.

In our concealed positions all available guns, rifles, grenades were massed

TROOPS

the job in hand. We were ready and keyed up for action, when in the dark heard faint hoof-beats coming nearer. Scouts went out to investigate and turned with their capture—an Arab on donkey!

After a good laugh, which relieved the nsion, we got down to business . . . ose aerodromes were taken by us all ght!

GOLD!

R.A.F. men in South Africa, training to be pilots, manage to do a little sightseeing in off-duty hours. L.A.C. D. Dodd writes to his mother at Green Lane, New Eltham, S.E.9:

Last week twenty of us went into —, where we were escorted round a old-mine, including the workings 000 ft. below ground level.

My biggest thrill was handling a 75-lb. got of gold, which was worth a fortune. have never held so much wealth in y hands before, but it was not for keeps."

After that we were taken in to dinner and they certainly know all about ospitality in South Africa.

BROTHERS MEET

Having been parted for several years, two brothers meet unexpectedly in North Africa. L.A.C. G. H. Telfer, R.A.F., writes to his parents at Wyndale Avenue, Kingsbury, N.W.9:

On my day off last week I went into he town to buy a few things, and then, hile I was waiting outside the post ffice for the transport to take me back, omeone came up behind me and tapped e on the shoulder. It was not a police fficer asking me to "come quiet."

I turned round and was dumfounded —it was Richard! Talk about a small orld!

Well, we had a few drinks and talked bout home and things until it was time o move.

He is stationed quite near to our lot, o we hope to meet often.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

YOUR correspondent "H. L.," Staffordshire, is mistaken when he says that Army men on ten days' leave get ration cards for seven days only. According to regulations, soldiers should receive coupons to cover the whole period, made up of a seven-day card, and one for seventy-two hours. Ration cards are not issued for twenty-four hours' leave or less, but meals or haversack rations are then provided.—C. H. B., Knightsbridge.

* * *

There has been much talk of parks and playing-fields being ploughed up to grow food. In this district two large fields have been made into a golf course! —"T. B.," Westerhope, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

* * *

Our factory canteen serves good meals, but to see the amount of food left on their plates by fastidious people, you wouldn't think that there was a war on, or that brave men were risking their lives to bring food to this country.—"N. C.," Sheffield.

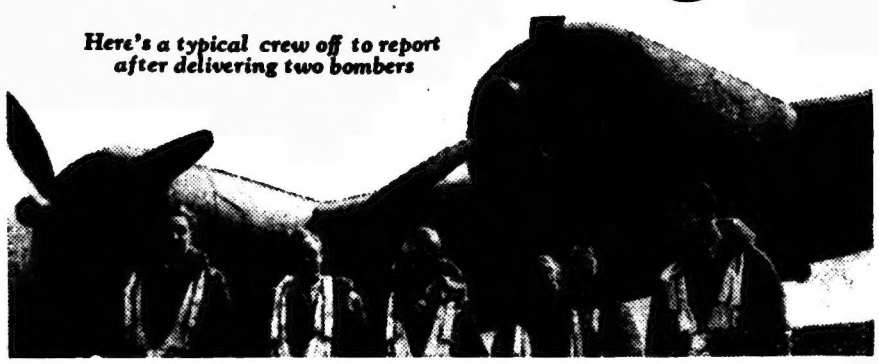
* * *

Many housewives wonder what has happened to all the jam they so abundantly made and supplied to numerous centres at the urgent request of the M.O.F. Little of our jam is on sale at the shops. Perhaps Lord Woolton can explain matters.—Mrs. S. Pearce, Monmouth Road, Dorchester.

THE R.A.F. MANNER.—No. 3 By WEBSTER FAWCETT

★ *Launched on a nap hand of aces, Transport Command, newest arm of the R.A.F., has already firmly established its foundations of valour. Much of its job has to go on in silence like that of the Navy, but here, for the first time, is the story of some of this year's ferry thrills*

The Ferry Flyers Roar Through



Here's a typical crew off to report after delivering two bombers

A THOUSAND miles out on the 'bus-ride to Britain the 120 m.p.h. gale caught the Boston in heavyweight fists. It punched and pounded the huge bomber all over the sky, lifting and dropping the 'plane 500 ft. a second in uppercut gusts.

The yowl of the wind drowned the exhausted scream of the engines. Then in vengeful fury the storm started to pull the aircraft to pieces.

George, the automatic pilot, gave up the struggle. The compasses failed to function. The radio went dead in a flash of blue flame.

Battled with Controls

Young Dave Goodlet battled the steering controls with every ounce of his Canuck brawn and muscle. Everything movable began to crash round the fuselage. Art Weaver, the navigator, saw stars as a heavy spare part slammed into his oxygen mask. Wrestling with the radio, flung this way and that, Pilot Officer Alf Nash slowly blackened with gushing oil.

Nightmare hours later, blown hundreds of miles off her course, all but drained of petrol, the 'plane bellied down on a glacier.

More dead than alive, the ferry boys dropped asleep in the bomber.

The temperature was 22 below zero. As they slept, numbing fingers of ice stole through their thick padded flying suits. Dave, the skipper, was the first to rouse to the danger of being frozen alive and he wakened the others.

No morning came. They were stranded in an icy waste of Arctic night, with only an hour or two of dingy light toward noonday.

They took stock of their position. Twenty-four biscuits in the kitty and a frozen gallon of water. Thanks to the navigator, Dave knew what coast he was on but he did not know where.

All through the next day they pored over their maps weighing the chances of a trek overland in quest of an Eskimo settlement—or the risks of a dinghy trip down the seaboard fifteen miles away.

Slender Hope

Alf fixed the radio and got through to Canada, giving an approximate position. But by the fifth day, sheeted in scurrying snow, visibility nil, they knew chances of rescue were slender.

Rations cut to half a biscuit, they destroyed their bomb-sight and papers. They made snow-shoes from box covers and leather cushions. At the end of their first week on ice, they began to haul the dinghy—and found they couldn't make a mile a day in the drifting powder snow.

The eighth day they started off again. A 'plane passing overhead failed to sight their distress flare. When more machines drummed nearer, the three skykids made a beacon fire of their greatcoats.

They were seen—but were still far from the end of their ordeal. The 'planes dropped food, clothing, equipment and instructions. A forced landing was one feat—a rescue take-off among the ice crevasses an impossibility.

They *had* to get to the sea!

In the archives of Transport Command to-day there is a crumpled, water-stained logbook.

"Eleventh day. Terribly exhausted dragging ourselves across snow," reads an entry. *"Twelfth day. Morning again impossible, but dragged ourselves a few yards in afternoon. Thirteenth day. Yard by yard towards coast. . . ."*

And for another day they struggled forward to the sea until heartened at last by the flares and searchlight of a coastguard cutter awaiting them in the ice-floes.

Courage to a T!

Such already is the key index of valour established among the youngsters to fly the transocean, transcontinent skyroads of Transport Command.

It is the standard set by men like Squadron-Leader Bocock of South Africa, the ace who "holidays" with Coastal Command and gets changes in what he calls routine by flying with intruder patrols over France.

Or like Sergeant Hal Black, who celebrated his nineteenth birthday by being the youngest man ever to fly the Atlantic.

In the old Ferry Command they used to come across in ten hours from Newfoundland. Then an ex-farmer pilot officer in a twin-engined Hudson chipped it to 7 hr. 40 min.

It had all been a mistake, he explained. He had merely found a tail-wind.

Five Times in 9 days

Now, minus the tail-wind, a Liberator has knocked off another hour. One ferryist has been twice across in nineteen and a half hours. Another crew has hit up five trips in nine days.

Queer things happen. Witness the fledgling crew who had to flutter down to 1,000 ft. to escape ice.

It was almost the worst mid-Atlantic weather known. A valve phutted in the radio set and they could not get a bearing. Yet they reached base this side in only ten minutes above eleven hours.

Another 'plane had to be abandoned eight miles out to sea. Sixty minutes later when the salvage crews turned up to collect the wreckage—for salvage is an A1 priority—the aircraft had vanished.

The pilot recollected setting the automatic pilot for a level flight across the Atlantic.

The ocean was scoured.

Eleven hours later came news that a big bomber had crashed into a Mexican mountain. Straying off its course, the machine had flown the clock round, unpiloted, empty.

Hectic? What of the Hurricane caught in the terrific down-current of a tropical storm off West Africa?

It slapped into the sea and the waves chopped eighteen inches off the propeller blades. Yet somehow the fighter was nursed out of the water and brought safe to her landfall.

Three men in a Hudson were recently forced down by dense sleet, icing and a whalesize electrical storm over Greenland.

Petrol was petering out. One of the engines failed. As they touched down on to a frozen inland lake the 'plane broke through the ice.

Miraculous Escape

At that instant the silent engine picked up again and averted disaster. It was a miracle. More miraculous still, they had landed near the only settlement within hundreds of miles.

Marooned for forty-five days, the flyers fixed up their radio and the faint signals were at last heard by other Transport Command 'planes.

Something familiar about this? Yes, it's where we came in. As a Transport Command intelligence officer told me: "One ferry flight's very like another. Even the adventures have a monotonous sameness. Did you read that Fighter Command stuff this morning? Now there's a *real* story. . . ."

But the roar of the ferry 'planes, touching down on the tarmac outside, belied his words while he uttered them. . . .

IT WON'T STRETCH!

THAT sounds a paradox, but rubber *won't* stretch in this sense—new supplies are insufficient to meet the ever-expanding demand for war needs.

But we can all help to do something about it if we overhaul all our domestic stocks of rubber—old hose-pipe, bathing caps, shoes, elastic bands.

In the aggregate the result can be of untold value.

For instance—a thousand yards of old hose would provide self-sealing petrol tanks for the bomber; forty bathing caps would furnish a life-saving jacket; six rubber bands from every home in the country would equip 1,000 bombers with tyres and inner tubes.

So send in everything you can find to your local depot.

There are no frills or fancies about Lybro Utility Overalls, these days. But there's working comfort . . . and first-rate service. That's why they're so popular—and sometimes so scarce!

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WALK

'and SAVE TRANSPORT'

BUT TO KEEP YOUR SHOES FIT FOR WALKING USE

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PLEASE USE SPARINGLY—SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED.

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—of all breeds—will keep your dog in first class fettle. If feeding is a problem send penny stamp for helpful leaflet to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 26 Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent. Used by leading Kennels for 108 years.

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Finest conditioner for your Dog—

BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE

LAST LAUGH

W. C. (Cambridge).—"Leaflets in which Mussolini promises to liberate the Arabs have been dropped on Beirut." This has caused a certain amount of comment in Italy, where it is held that Italians should be liberated first.

R. N. (Huddersfield).—"I quarrelled with my girl the other night and she finished up by calling me a poor prune. So I went out and had a few drinks." And became a stewed prune?

M. S. (Bovey Tracey).—"My wife can't go out at nights now because of our new baby, so I stop in following the war news on the wall maps." You both put in a lot of work with pins?

M. R. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"When the shopkeeper told me he was out of stock, I jumped clean over to his side to find out what he had got hidden." That was a bold counter move.

S. G. (Feltham).—"I am enclosing a snap of my brother, who has just come back from Salisbury Plain." Well, we should judge he couldn't have been very handsome when he went.

G. G. (Kilsyth).—"Before our marriage, my wife was very pleased when I paid her compliments." Now she prefers you to pay her bills?

R. M. (Ledbury).—"A bicycle is very useful for getting you home at night." Well, we can't use ours at night because we can't get batteries, but we find it useful for going round trying to get batteries in the day time.

COMEDIAN (Purley)—"I have just returned from giving a special performance for some of our sailors, and I may say the audience were soon rocking in their seats." You gave your show on a ship in rough weather?

W. F. (Stirling).—"Even the neighbours think my wife has a heavenly voice." Perhaps they mean it is unearthly.

MRS. E. T. (Hamilton).—"My little son, aged six, has abnormal chest development." He will probably be a regimental sergeant-major when he grows up.

ETHEL (St. Andrews).—"I have just discovered that the man I am engaged to has a wooden leg." But surely you aren't going to break it off?

V. M. (Bury).—"Twice in one week leaving work I have been halted, and a weapon held threateningly before me." The small boys in our neighbourhood are just as bad.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What I sez is, Norman, better enjoy this blinkin' war as much as yer ruddy well can, 'cos there'll never be another like it."

Side-Slips

COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Mr. G—— L—— (counsel) said that GIFTS of fifteen 'made themselves up' to look older. . . ."

DAILY SKETCH:—". . . have given ground under PLEASURE of furious attacks by the Axis. . . ."

EVENING TIMES:—"Is it not a fact that batmen can, and do, run errands for officers' WAVES?"

MID-DEVON ADVERTISER:—". . . BLUR-eyed First Officer ——, who comes from Devonshire."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"Later the submarine engaged a WINESWEEPER, shelling her until she was sunk."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"Allied forces, hot on the HELLS of the retreating Germans. . . ."

CARLUKE AND LANARK GAZETTE:—"N—— seemed set to save this score, but the GOAL went through between his hands and legs into the net."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Army physically unfit, Theodore Mills is unable to work owing to arthritis of the ankle.

His three children, all of school age, are badly in need of boots and clothing.

He has an income of only £1 a week, out of which he has to pay 7s. 6d. for rent and insurance. It is impossible for this man to keep out of debt unless financial help is forthcoming.

A minister in the district where Mr. and Mrs. Mills live vouches for the authenticity of this man's application.

Readers who wish to help this unfortunate family should send donations earmarked "Pioneer," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Donations to the Fund are not subject to any deductions for administration, all expenses being gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,389

H. C. Clarke, 17, High St., Devizes, Wilts, for this "Bullet":—

COMMON JUSTICE
"PRIZE" WE PROMISE LOSERS.

£20: P. Pope, 4, Seymour Ave., Newquay, Cornwall.
Trying To Sleep—While Hubby's "Hammering" Berlin.

£10: N. Jones, 84, Kingsway, Ilkeston.
Precious Lives—All Some Inventors "Save."

£5: Mrs. D. A. Whitty, Mill View, Broom, Bidford-on-Avon.
From The Battlefields—Showing "Souvenirs"—Forgetting Limp!

£4: W. Condon, Works Dept. Stores, H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth.
In Progress—Not Congress, India's Salvation.

£3: M. Tallant, 19a, Park Rd., Beckenham.
Makes Us Proud—Mighty Never Mambled Us.

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2: J. J. Oliver, 5, Three But Lane, Liverpool.
Too Hot For Iron—Host, Europe's "Underground Fires."

£1a.: R. Ballantyne, 269, Bernard St., Glasgow.
The Biggest Pain—Is The Meaner Himself!

£1a.: Mrs. W. Parker, 50, The Crescent, Brereton, Derby.
Spring Is Here, So—Let That "Transport" You!

£1a.: W. Athol, 32d, Camden Rd., N.7.
Spring Is Here, So—Sergeant's Footie—"Hey, Hinny—"

£1a.: R. Morris, 475, Pye Green Rd., Cannock.
All Over The Shop—Apples—Oranges Bananas—Snitches!

£1a.: F. G. Harley, 292, Worsley Rd., Swinton, Mr.
Worst Of Luck—Given "Going"—Ma-in-Law Woe!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

7 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 321

WINNING WORDS: 1. Fright. 2. Kink. 3. Simple. 4. Drawl. 5. Thinks. 6. War. 7. Creed. 8. Spain. 9. Sap. 10. Tumid. 11. Scream. 12. Screw. 13. Tedding. 14. Train.

£200 SHARERS: Miss L. Ballinger, 69, Ravenscourt Rd., Hammersmith, W.6; J. Bell, 15, Thurburn Cres., Annan, N.B.; R. Bulman, 32, Colwell Rd., Retford, Notts; M. Hill, c/o Talardy, St. Asaph; G. L. Monk, 97, Merton Hall Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.19; I.A.C. H. Pritchard, Somewhere-in-Britain; A. Thrall, Charlton Fitzpaine, Crediton, Devon.

Runners-up Award value £50 shared between 75 entrants.

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Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth, *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

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Nerves always repay a little consideration. Constant pain drives them to desperation—and exhaustion. Concentration wearies them. But two tablets of Phensic will soothe the most irritable bundle of nerves and turn you into someone ready to laugh—and carry on! Try Phensic if you are subject to neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, toothache (neuralgia), rheumatic pain, or any kind of nerve strain or pain. 1/4 and 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

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50 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

Xword No. 321 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.								3d	3d	3d
1 LOUD ONES WILL DISTURB EVEN EXPERIENCED SPEAKER	S	N	O	R		S					
2 IF THIS FALLS OFF IN PLAY, IT MAKES ASTOR'S WORK HARDER				W	I						
3 RINGING OF ONE BOTH INDICATES AND REDUCES DARDER					B		L	L			
4 THERE'S A GROWING OPINION THAT THIS IS BARBAROUS	S	T	R	I		E					
5 CLOTH IS REGARDED BY GREAT MANY PEOPLE AS BEING KIND OF THIS				S	T		F	F			
6 SOME PEOPLE DRINK TOO MUCH WHEN HAVING ONE			S	W	I						
7 HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME IF CAUGHT STEALING IN THE OLD DAYS	V	I	L	L		I	N				
8 SEVERE HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS USUALLY MAKE A MAN THIN	T	H	I	N		E	R				
9 SOMETIMES INDICATES THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG			S	I	G						
10 RAIN often MAKES GARDENER'S HEAVIER				T	A		K				
11 YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE IF YOU DO			S	C	O		C	H			
12 ONE USUALLY EXPECTS ODOUR FROM	S	P	I	C							
13 THERE ARE HORSES IN WHICH ONE WOULD BE DELIGHTED					L		G				
14 MAY WELL PROVE COSTLY BUSINESS				T	H	R		A	T		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated May 15.

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PRIZES £50 1st PRIZE VALUE OVER £200 BULLETS 2, 3 & 4 WORDS! £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 BIG 4lb FRUIT CAKES 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, May 14.

ALL THE WORLD KNOWS
HARD NUT TO CRACK
NATION AT WAR
READY AND WILLING
IT'S ONLY SMALL, BUT COMING
ROOT OF THE MATTER
ATTACK'S THE WATCHWORD, [SO
MAN I PITY
ACT OF A MADMAN

BULLETS 1,369 RESULT appears on page 14.

WAY TO LOSE
SHOCKING EXTRAVAGANCE
BROKE THE SPELL
MILES AND MILES
BACK TO NORMAL
SOMEHOW
FOR A HOLIDAY
NECESSARY JOURNEY
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
BLOW AFTER BLOW

Use "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then you make your "Bullets" as usual.

THING TO .....
BEFORE IT'S .....
LONG AND .....
BIT OF A .....
OFF TO THE .....
FOR THE GOOD OF .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated May 15.

P.O. Value .....
No. ..... Closing 1,373 Postmark Monday, May 3.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,373 or Xword No. 325, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Sometimes missing, but always worth finding

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2d PER TABLET (1 coupon) *protects — disinfects*

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at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 6d pkts. 1/3 & 3/- tubes

Send 3d in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

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In Civvies or the Services,
In queues or on your beat,
It's more and more foot-sloggin'
And a rough time for the feet.

Service your FEET with

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

There are 30 scientifically designed Cro-Pax foot aids to bring instant relief. From 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all Chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTH'S STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. NOTTINGHAM and LONDON

Stomach Pain

Those agonising pains that double you up after meals mean that dangerous excess acid is at work in your stomach, fermenting undigested food, producing gases, and damaging the delicate walls of the stomach itself. Stop the trouble where it starts, by neutralising the excessive acidity that causes all the mischief. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is what you need—the world-famous remedy that immediately counteracts excess stomach acid. Take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water next time you get indigestion; *within five minutes* all pain and discomfort will have disappeared! From today on you can eat *what* you please, *when* you please, without fear of pain to follow! All chemists sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia; prices 7d. to 2/10, including Purchase Tax.

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We don't think it unimportant that millions of wireless sets are out of order. But it is no use pretending that we can supply new sets or undertake widespread radio service. We do what we can and to help a little we have produced "KEEP IT GOING" a modest little book on the care and simple upkeep of most types of radio sets. It costs 6d. and we hope it may do for your set what its title says, "Keep it Going."

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If your Murphy Dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him, please write direct to Publications Department, Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.III

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Beecham's Powders are really reliable. They act quickly and certainly. They are easy and pleasant to take. Grand for Colds, Chills, 'Flu, Nerve Pains and Rheumatic Twinges.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½

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THE MORE YOU WORK—THE BETTER THE SLEEP YOU NEED

You're not doing your bit if you're not really fit!

Here are two 'scientific sleep' tips to try out to-night. See how much better they make you feel in the morning!

Start taking these two hints to-night—and you'll find they make a world of difference to your pep and go.

1 Whatever your worries—*think of something that makes you feel happy for at least half-an-hour before bedtime every night.* Troubled sleep is unhealthy sleep.

2 Make a 'nightcup' of Bourn-vita a regular habit—it will soothe you, help digestion and calm your whole body.

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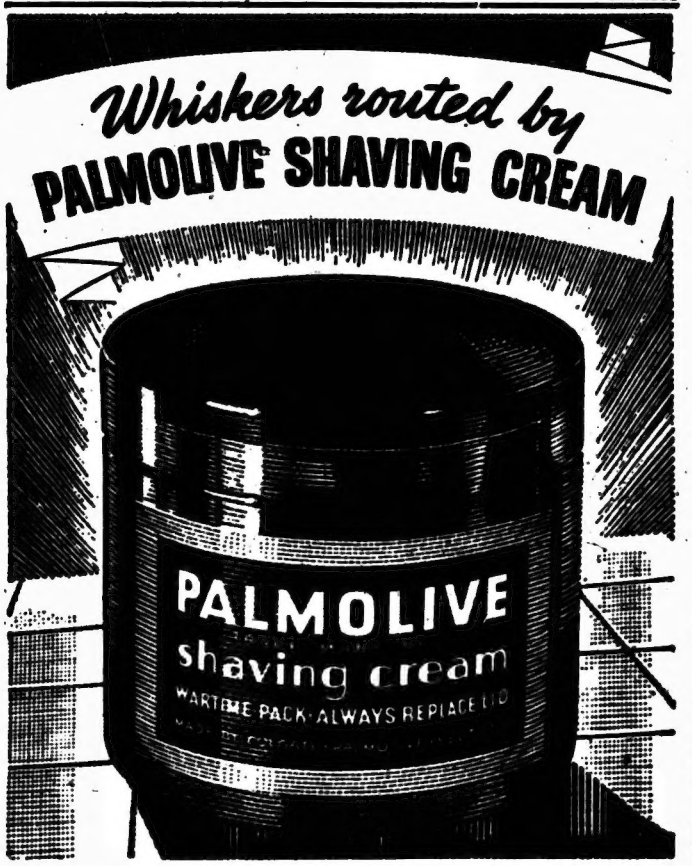
BOURN-VITA

you'll be equal to it!

1/5 per ½ lb



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PRICES 1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

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Fruit and Sugar make good

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

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